THE

Methodist Magazine.

AUGUST, 1894.

A RAINY DAY ON MOUNT HERMON, AND SCENES IN DAMASCUS.

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DRUSE SHEPHERD WEARING BURNOOSE OR CLOAK.

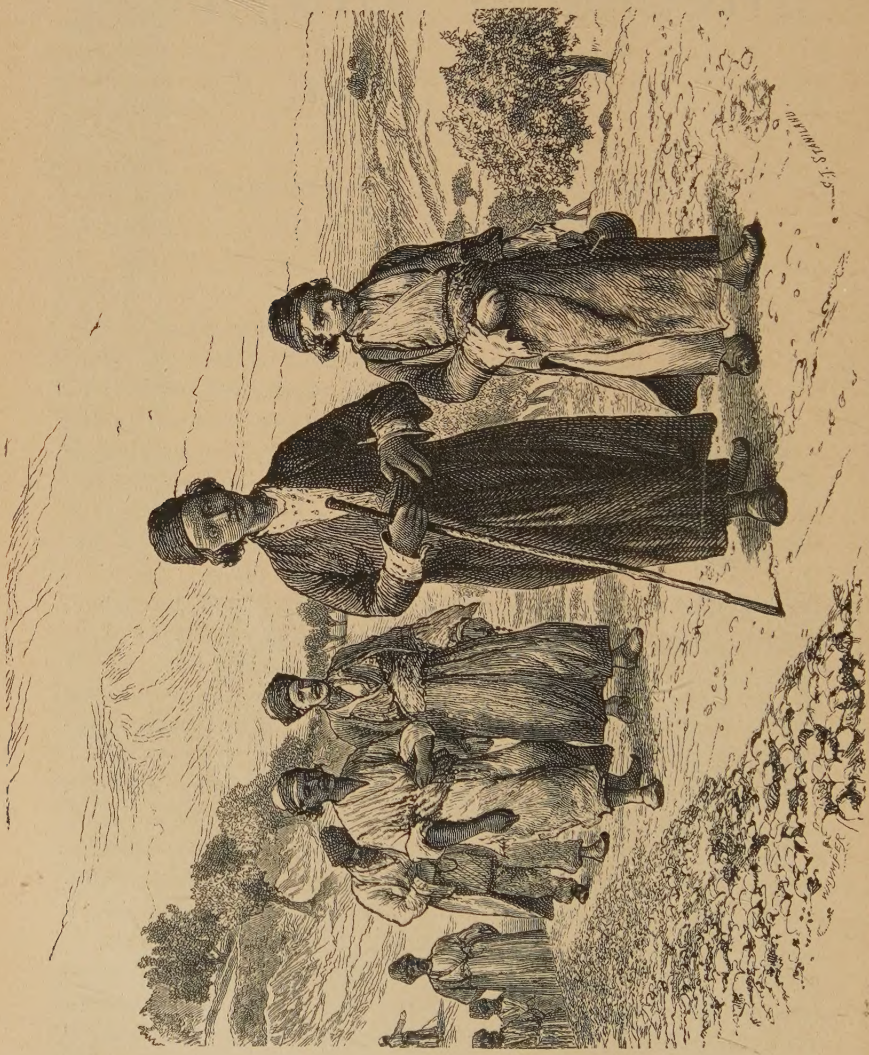
To the average traveller there is, perhaps, no pleasanter hour in the twenty-four than that which he spends over the walnuts and coffee after the serious business of the *table d'hote* is finished. In that serene state of mind and body which follows upon a well-spent day and a good dinner, he is at leisure to enjoy a chat over to-day's impressions and to-morrow's plans.

Shortly before our party left Jerusalem, Mr. Floyd, in the course of one of these after-dinner chats, remarked, "You will have one, or, it may be, two days' rain on your journey north. I hope it may occur when you are under shelter."

The serenely confident air with which this announcement was made, prevented any open display of scepticism, but an intimate acquaintance with the Canadian climate is not conducive to faith in weather prophecies, and we did not take Mr. Floyd's prediction seriously, though we were destined to recall it. Some weeks later, the morning of the twenty-second of April, found us in camp at Banias, the northern limit of our journey in Palestine proper. We were awakened as usual at five o'clock by Assad's bell, accompanied by his invariable formula, "Fust bell, please;" but the little ceremony seemed to lack its usual brisk cheerfulness, and alas! the soft patter, patter on our canvas roof assured us that Mr. Floyd's prophecy had been only too correct.

Now a rainy day in April was not exactly a thing without

precedent in our experience; we had even, perhaps, a recollection of a few *snowy* April days in a certain far-away north land, but these things belonged to a past state of existence; we had had cloudless skies for two months now, and, having come to consider



PILGRIMS RETURNING FROM JERUSALEM.

them as our due, we felt justified in resenting a change. Someone meekly ventured a reminder that we had been told that the peasants' hope of a full crop rested on this "latter rain"; but he was silently ignored, and the anxious watch of the skies proved

that the prospect of crossing Mount Hermon in a violent storm, was the matter just then of most vital importance to Dr. Withrow's party.

We had, of course, the alternative of remaining in the safe shelter of our tents, but we greatly desired to spend Sunday in Damascus, still distant nearly two days' ride, and, as this was Friday we had no time to lose. Therefore a pale gleam of sunshine about eight o'clock was eagerly welcomed, and we gladly heard the order given to saddle the horses, which were brought round as the last scattering drops were falling.

The clouds quickly disappeared, and if the unpleasant thought arose that they might only be in hiding behind Mount Hermon, we refused to entertain it for a moment, in spite of an ominous shake of the head and a muttered word or two in Arabic, which plainly expressed Abdallah's views. Next moment, however, he dismissed the subject with that eloquent gesture with which an Oriental shifts all his responsibilities on fate, and swinging lightly into the saddle gave the word to start.

After leaving Banias the path led up the stony bed of a little mountain stream, which the rain had filled with a yellow current of liquid mud, rendering the stones so slippery that our horses stumbled constantly and required so much attention that we had little to give the gradually unfolding view. An hour's steady climbing brought us to a wide natural terrace about two thousand feet above the level of the sea, on a level with the castle of Banias, though at some distance from it. The atmosphere was so radiantly clear that it seemed really distant but a stone's throw, and we stopped to admire the picturesque effect of the long, irregular outline, still very perfect on this side. The massive simplicity of form, and the rugged strength of the granite walls, suit well the wild grandeur of its situation among the everlasting hills.

There was a fascination about the beautiful old fortress and its long-forgotten history that enchained the eye and imagination and made one long to pierce the thick veil that hides the past, and learn the part it played in the story of this land. The light growing every moment more golden behind the cold white summit of Hermon warned us that we had no time to linger. Turning to the west we looked down upon the whole plain of the Upper Jordan flooded with the soft morning light, and sparkling with myriads of tiny streams. The distant hills of Naphtali flushed rosily under the level sun rays, the mirror-like surface of the waters of Merom was like a turquoise in an emerald setting, and the park-like slopes below Banias were aglow with the warm

colour of masses of rich-hued foliage that gave evidence of fertile soil and sunny skies.

More than three thousand years ago the envoys from the tribe of Dan, who had been sent to "spy out the land," found all their desires satisfied by this favoured spot, and reported of it as "a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth." The words are accurately descriptive still. Sheltered by the majestic beauty of the mountains, watered by their melting snows, the soil produces side by side the vegetation of widely different climes, all equally at home in this vale where nature wears her brightest smile.

TATOOED DRUSE WOMAN.

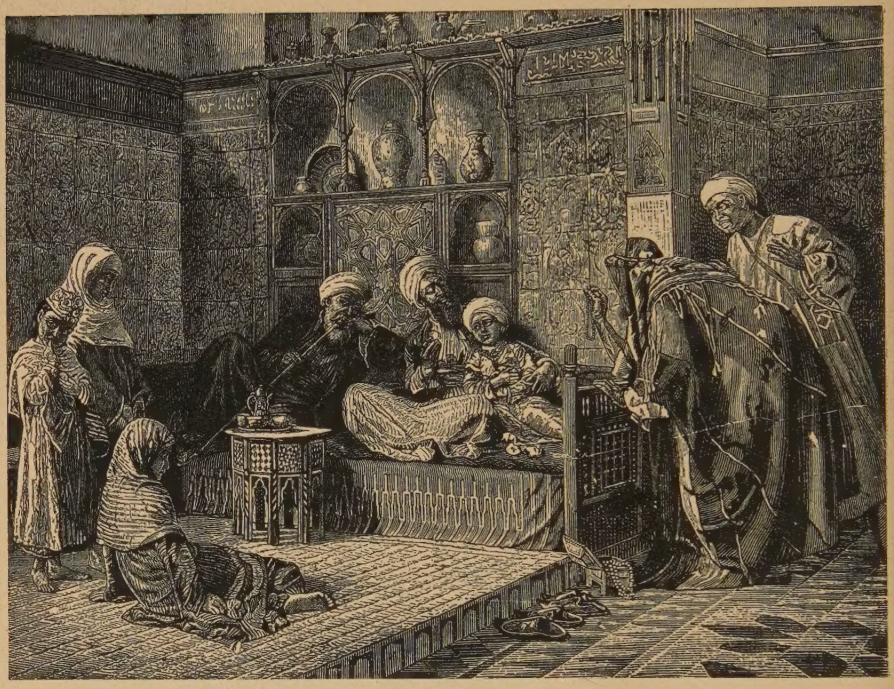
It was our last view of the Holy Land, and as I turned reluctantly to obey the signal to ride on, I confess to having congratulated myself that I had seen all this, before the black smoke of the locomotive had defiled these pure skies, and its discordant shriek disturbed the solemn silence of the "Holy Mountain," where we had heard only the plaintive notes of a shepherd's pipe.

Half an hour later, rounding a spur of the mountain, every sign of luxuriant life suddenly disappeared; we entered a region of rocky slopes where only the hardy little thorn found sustenance, the valleys mere stony hollows with scanty groups of stunted olives. The golden light darkened into grey, the wind blew colder, great swirling masses of mist now and then blotted out the snowy crest of Hermon, along whose eastern shoulder we were slowly creeping. Soon we were in the midst of a driving storm; rain, hail and snow all at once, and from every quarter of heaven at once; though that was not altogether a disadvantage,

for when a gust from one direction turned an umbrella inside out the next one probably righted it. Jemil, usually the most docile of animals, showed a strong dislike to the situation; and when he met a more than usually furious blast, would suddenly and obstinately turn his tail to it, in defiance of rein and whip. It was difficult, too, to make a vigorous use of the latter—my umbrella was white cotton, of course (a Cairo purchase), it soaked water like a sponge and grew heavier every moment, needing both hands to hold it in such a wind; therefore as often as Jemil turned his back upon the proper road the umbrella had to be closed before he could be convinced of the error of his ways. As the other horses were equally unruly, our line of march must have presented an interesting variety.

Even our baggage horse yielded to the demoralizing influence of the storm, and, instead of following sedately in the rear, as usual, seemed to be looking for a place along the line where it did not rain so hard, and several times where the path was very narrow—between two great rocks, or on the slippery edge of a steep descent—that misguided animal crowded past, his huge saddle-bags crushing against the riders. The way grew rougher and more slippery with sleet and mud, we were ascending always, though making slow progress against the storm; it grew perceptibly colder, and as I shivered at an occasional glimpse of the snow line, not far off now, I wondered how I could have admired it a few hours earlier.

Meanwhile we were getting wetter and colder, and visions of pneumonia and rheumatic fever intruded themselves, so that when about eleven o'clock we perceived a tiny village clinging to the mountain side a short distance ahead, it was a most welcome sight. We sought shelter in the first house, and were very kindly received by the two wives of the owner, who was absent himself. While they assisted to remove our wet wraps, the children ran to light a fire, assisted by as many neighbour children as could crowd in. Never was fire more welcome, and as the numbing effects of the chill disappeared under its cheerful warmth, I began to look about with keenest interest, for this was our first acquaintance with a strictly native house, entirely free from any European example. The house was well-built of square blocks of light grey stone, and contained two fair sized-rooms and two very small ones on the second floor; that underneath belonging to the animals, our horses occupying it just now. The floor and walls of grey cement were perfectly clean; recesses in the walls and partitions formed shelves, and one of these contained a neatly-folded pile of rugs, which, with two very low wicker stools,



HOME LIFE IN THE ORIENT.

comprised all the visible furniture. A round opening in the floor communicated with the stable beneath and admitted the warmth —and smell—of the animals.

The cheerful "crackling" of the fire soon led to the discovery that the fuel was the dried mountain thorn, and furnished another illustration of a familiar Bible phrase. It is to be regretted that we have no sketch of that most primitive fireplace; it was merely a cement platform about two and a half feet long and eighteen inches wide, rounded in front, built up two or three inches above the floor, with a back also of cement about one foot higher. The fire was laid against this back. Contrary to the usual custom, the house boasted a chimney, not, indeed, in any immediate connection with the fireplace, but its draught attracted part of the smoke and left the atmosphere comparatively clear.

We had been warned, as we rode up to the house, to be very careful not to give any offence, as the people in the village all belonged to the Druses, the fiercest of the Mohammedan sects. But there was nothing fierce about our two hostesses, who watched the inspection of their household arrangements with smiling approval, while the little, round, brown, half-naked babies

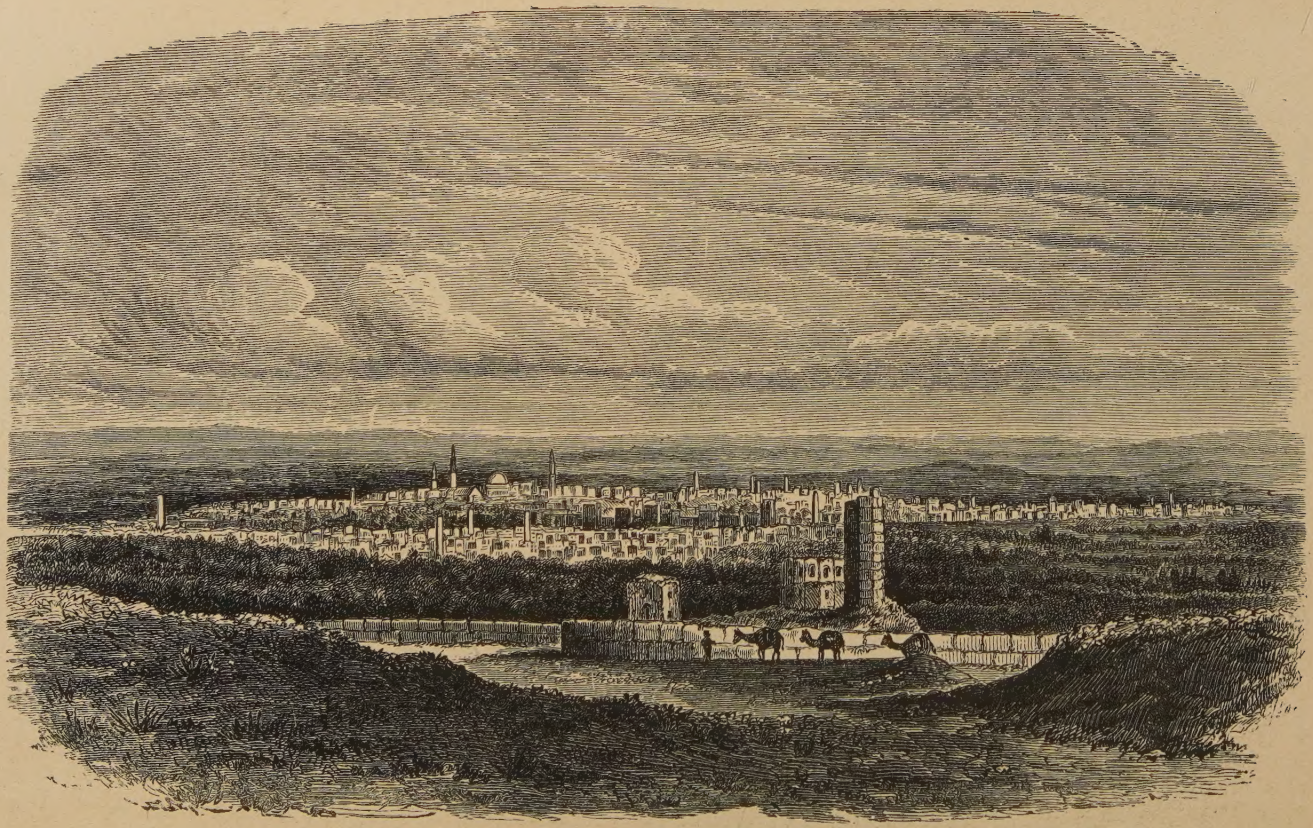
peeped shyly at us from the folds of their mothers' robes until they finally found confidence enough to lisp out, "Backsheesh."

Lunch having been laid out on a rug in the front room we proceeded to eat it, sitting *à la* native on more rugs on the floor; a position which the supple grace and flowing robes of an Oriental permit him to assume with ease, but in which an Englishman is the very picture of angular discomfort. We never had chairs or tables for this midday meal and had adapted ourselves to the situation with no little enjoyment of each other's awkwardness.

Our attention was presently attracted to a melancholy procession creeping slowly along the road below us, which was pronounced to be our camp, though we utterly failed to recognize it. There were no songs from the men, who were muffled from head to feet in their *abayehs*; the mules dragged sadly along with drooping heads; their very bells had a mournful sound, and the conviction came suddenly home to us that our camp was not likely to be ready for us to-night. An anxious inquiry of Abdallah confirmed this fear. We should probably be obliged to sleep in a native house in the village of Kefr Hawar. The prospect evidently had no charms for the rest of the party, but I secretly rejoiced. The exceeding simplicity of the domestic arrangements here had fascinated me, but I wanted to be sure that this household was a type, not an exception.

About one o'clock there was a lull in the storm, and, going to the door to reconnoitre, we saw "Mr. Cook" seated on a stone in front of the house, busily plucking fowls, with the air of being perfectly at home and quite satisfied with the situation. The prospect of dinner was consoling; and the rain actually ceasing now, we distributed "backsheesh," * and set out, warmed and dried and hopeful that the worst was over. This hope was speedily dispelled, for our road still ascended toward the region of cloud and storm. Fierce gusts of wind and rain threatened to tear us from the saddle; sharp, stinging sleet fairly blinded us at times. For an hour we met successive blasts, with sometimes a little breathing space between; but, at length, when the increased cold proved that we had nearly reached the snow level, our road turned somewhat, and we gladly saw what we had long looked for anxiously—the water was running with us instead of meeting us; in a word, we had commenced the descent. Gradually the

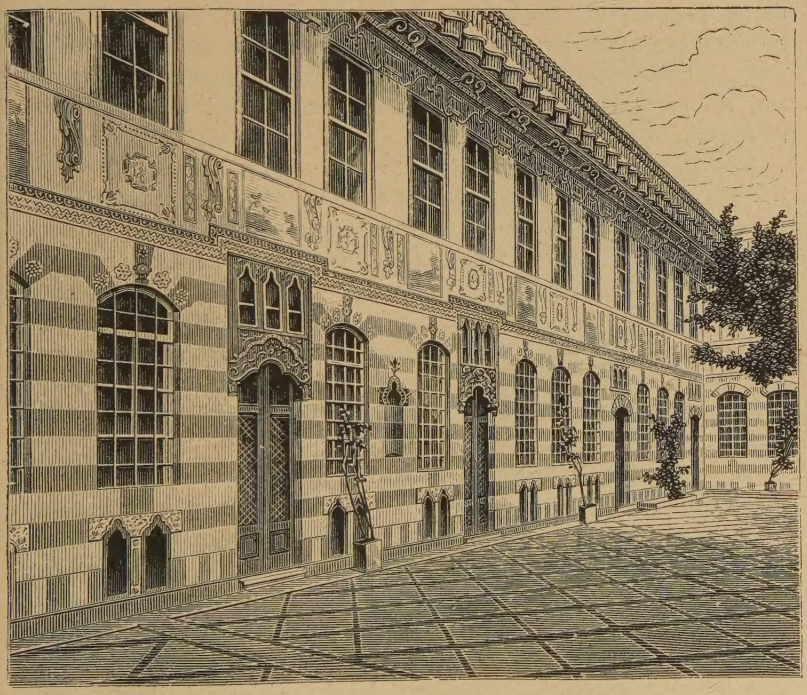
* Before leaving, each one of the two wives came to us in turn and furtively informed us that she was the genuine wife and that the "backsheesh" should be given to her and not to her rival—from which we inferred that this domestic arrangement was not without its infelicities.—Ed.



DISTANT VIEW OF DAMASCUS.

wind fell, then we left the storm behind us, there were even temporary glimpses of the sun, though the thick grey clouds covering the whole range of Hermon showed that the storm still raged up there.

About four o'clock Abdallah received word, in the mysterious way in which things become known in the East, that at Kefr Hawar the only available houses were already occupied by other parties; we must therefore seek shelter in the village of Hîna, at the house of the Greek priest.



INTERIOR COURTYARD OF HOUSE AT DAMASCUS.

"What if he refuses to receive us?" was my anxious question, for it looked like rain again, and our tents were hopelessly in the rear.

"He cannot refuse, he will be obliged to give us all we require," was the confident answer.

Some doubt remained as to the probable character of such enforced hospitality, though even that seemed preferable to any further experience of Mount Hermon's tender mercies.

Hîna is a tiny, isolated village on one of the low hills near the

base of the Hermon range, and probably no tourist ever sees it, except as we did, accidentally. Its appearance offered no welcome as we rode up in the stormy twilight—sky, and village, and rocky background all alike, grey and desolate, the stony monotony unrelieved by tree or shrub.

Our own damp and draggled condition may have contributed to these gloomy impressions; luckily it did not repel the good priest, who received us at his door with as much gracious cordiality as if we had been long-looked-for friends; nor was the warmth of his welcome in any way affected by the lack of English on his part and of Arabic on ours. His bright smile and warm hand-clasp, and the gentle friendliness in his soft, dark eyes, needed no interpreter, as, leading us across a small chamber to the principal room, he placed it at our disposal with a gesture as kindly as it was graceful.

Abdallah at once proceeded to take entire command of the house and household with his usual air of knowing much more about their resources than did the inmates themselves; and the flowery courtesy with which his commands were issued, produced its usual effect in very willing service. A fire was lighted on the floor in the corner of the anteroom, and though there was no chimney—the fuel consisted of corn stalks, of which we burned the entire supply—part of the smoke found its way out of the open door and we braved the rest for the sake of the cheerful blaze.*

The shadowy background of the little room was filled with as many of the villagers as could crowd into it; they stood silent and motionless, watching us intently; no doubt it was a rare opportunity. As soon as possible I started on a tour of inspection, though a hasty glance around the principal room had already reassured me; the simplicity I had admired in the morning was evidently the rule; there were not even any wicker stools here.

A ledge near the top of the wall held the clerical library, some half-dozen books, and a pile of rugs occupied a lower recess;

*The good priest was married, as are most of those of the Greek Church, and his wife and mother and handsome children were the soul of hospitality. The old lady fairly adopted us as her own for the time, rubbed and chafed our hands to restore warmth, and, as St. Paul says of the people of Melita, "showed no little kindness" to the wayworn travellers. The priest expressed, through our interpreter, his regret that his house was not better fitted to receive such honourable company, and wished us safe return to our own country. I told him that in our party were four preachers of the Gospel, who were trying to serve God and do good in our own land, and that we wished him great success in his work. He, in response, prayed that God would grant our wish.—Ed.

there was nothing more, not a chair, nor table, nor bed, nor glass window, only wooden shutters. The abundance of leisure time was accounted for, so much time is saved in the one small item of dusting.

Crossing the passage to find my sleeping room, I caught sight of "Mr. Cook," and went out to inspect his quarters, which were somewhat cramped. The tiny closet, or shed, was scarcely large enough to hold his portly form, and the two huge wooden chests, which carried such a varied store of good things; to say nothing of his cooking-range, which, however, took little room. Four small holes were scooped out in the ground and filled with charcoal; over these a light iron frame supported various saucepans, etc. —nothing could be simpler. Seated in front of this, with all his materials within easy reach without rising, "Mr. Cook" gave his mind to his business with that concentration which distinguishes genius.

WATER-SELLER, DAMASCUS.

To-night, however, I had misgivings. The roof leaked, the rain beat in at the open front of the shed, and the remaining half of the village, regardless of the rain, were grouped in the yard, watching and criticising the performance. I felt there were excuses to be made if there were failures to-night; but none were needed. The dinner was more elaborate than usual and had more than its ordinary picnic flavour in such an unexpected situation.

Our tent furniture had been brought into the house, including six iron bedsteads. Going into my room, I found that in this older part of the house the roof leaked, but was assured they would mend it at once. I wondered how, for the roof consisted of poles laid across the top of the walls, small branches and twigs laid transversely across the poles, and the whole covered with

earth; presently a scampering overhead announced that they were mending the roof by *rolling it with a stone roller.* I am obliged to confess it leaked a little after that, but we moved the cots between the drops and took no harm. The rest of the situation can perhaps be described most easily by transcribing the notes, written that night on my knee by the light of a candle.

"There are holes in the walls, and as there seems to be half a dozen pairs of curious eyes at each hole I have used all our spare clothing in stuffing them up; and have hung a towel over the door, which does not fit exactly, and is only four feet high, and which, by the way, has a most extraordinary key. The latch is wooden,

JEWISH WOMAN BARGAINING IN BAZAAR.

and the key consists of a wooden bar, about eight inches long, with six iron nails in one end of it. It works only on the outside, so Abdallah has locked it and pushed the key through one of the convenient openings. Fortunately there is not much danger of a fire in the night."

We made a late start in the morning under depressing circumstances, a gray, lowering sky, with a chill wind sweeping searchingly down the mountain side; while word had been brought in that a mountain stream on our route had been dangerously swollen by the previous day's storm, and would certainly prove unfordable. The expression of despair with which Abdallah made this announcement was only to be equalled by the suavity

with which the Doctor stated his intention of starting immediately, and crossing the stream when we reached it. "Most of the ills of life," he, sententiously remarked, "are those which never happen." We started accordingly, and an Arab found a fordable place, though the white foam rising against the horses' legs gave token of the swiftness of the current.

The remainder of the ride was void of excitement until after lunch. We were riding lazily along, when Abdallah, pointing far away across the plain, thrilled us with the word "Damascus!" It was a never-to-be forgotten moment when we caught the first sight of the white domes and minarets, surrounded by a broad belt of green, and knew that at last we looked upon the oldest city in the world—"The Pearl of the East." The horses caught the excitement of their riders, and broke into a swift gallop; but it was very hot now, and the city much more distant than at first it seemed, so that it was three o'clock before we rode through the gate into a street, bordered on either side by gardens, whose rose and orange trees filled the air with sweetness; then past the ring of gardens, on through sunny, noisy streets, until, at length, we stopped before an unpromising blank wall, inscribed "Hotel Dimitri."

But, however inhospitable the outside seemed, the interior of the Hotel Dimitri presented a charming sight to weary, dusty travellers. The large, open court was cool and shady, and sweet with plants in bloom. Water dripped musically into a great stone basin in the centre; the very spirit of repose pervaded the place. The city outside might have been miles away, not a sound penetrated the thick walls. But we postponed the hour of rest and very soon started out to take a first preliminary peep at the bazaars.

The fact that we spent considerable time in these bazaars was not due to an excessive love of shopping, but to the discovery that they were more distinctly and delightfully Oriental than any place we had seen. All the races of the East seemed represented there, and the consequent variety of costume was always interesting to eyes accustomed to the sombre monotony of English dress. The rich fabrics in soft, harmonious, glowing tints were a continual feast of colour; and many an accidental group made a picture one stopped to admire and longed to preserve.

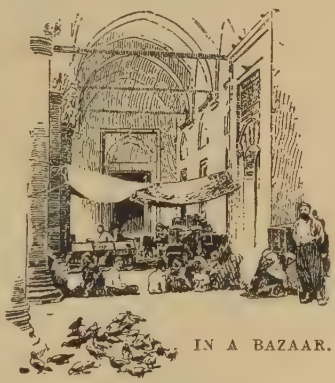
One of the most popular quarters of Damascus is the sweetmeat bazaar, famous throughout all Syria for the delicate perfection of its wares; and, above all, as being the true home of that queen of sweets, "Turkish Delight." There are base imitations elsewhere, pasty looking compounds with a gluey flavour; but the name is all

they have in common with the real article, which looks like squares of clear jelly powdered with sugar, and tastes of roses and orange blossoms, mingled with the piquant saltness of the pistachio nut. Crystallized fruits and many kinds of nuts are very abundant and cheap in Syria; and the art of extracting flavours from fruits and flowers is carried to great perfection. Their confectioners are by no means confined to chocolate, lemon and vanilla, nor have they learned to mix plaster of Paris and flour with their sugar. Add to these facts the furthur one that all classes are exceedingly fond of sweets, and critical in taste; and the surprising variety and excellence of the display in the sweatmeat bazaar is accounted for.

It was more difficult to account for the engrossing interest taken in our modest purchases by everybody in sight. While the dragoman was buying for himself and the party, and trying to do it with the least possible waste of time, a crowd that nearly blocked the street assembled to watch the transaction, pressing closer and closer in their eagerness to see and hear, until their attentions became embarrassing. Seeing this, Mr. Read came to the rescue; established communication with the crowd by means of the "universal language," and induced them to follow him to the end of the street; whence we heard repeated shouts of laughter, and a gradually increasing tumult that finally led us to follow. We found our friend in the midst of a laughing, shouting crowd that quite closed the street; amusing them with a cane and a primitive musical instrument that he had borrowed from a boy near by. The noise may be imagined, but the climax was supplied by a pannier-laden donkey who had been patiently awaiting his driver's pleasure to move on, and watching this unknown species of juggler. Suddenly he lifted up his voice and expressed his amazement in tones that fairly silenced all other sounds; and the laughing crowd accepted the signal to disperse. Mr. Read was not forgotten, however, and, if we afterwards appeared without him, inquiries were immediately made for "the funny man."

SWEETMEAT STALL.

The goldsmiths' bazaar proved a quaintly interesting place, all the more striking from its utter unlikeness to one's established ideas of a jeweller's shop. There were fifty or sixty craftsmen assembled in the great vaulted chamber, which looked old enough to have sheltered the goldsmiths of Damascus from the time of Saladin. It was sadly out of repair and had no floor except the uneven, dusty earth. A rude bench supplied the place of counter to each merchant, a dingy box on the bench beside him held his stock-in-trade. They had few tools and very primitive ones at that, but the work accomplished with this slender equipment was marvellous in its dainty finish. There were filigree necklaces and bracelets of silver wire, fine as cobweb, yet strong and durable. Quaintly beautiful brooches of odd designs, ancient buckles and classic-looking girdles; these, and many other lovely things, came out of the dingy boxes, and as everything was sold by weight, and the price invariable, there was at least one place in the Orient where it was safe to pay what was asked.



IN A BAZAAR.

This could not be said of the silk bazaar, which had a sliding scale of prices, but was a most attractive place nevertheless. We had been often told that there were no longer any native-woven silks in the East, that they were imported from France or elsewhere; so it was a surprise to see men carrying large spindles of the yellow, raw silk through the streets, and to see the looms in operation in every part of the silk bazaar. The quality and texture of the goods furnished unmistakable proof of their origin in a place so far behind the age as to be ignorant of the arts of "dressing" and "filling" employed by manufacturers elsewhere. This absence of "varnish" gives a softness to the surface, very pleasant to the eye and touch, and contributes to the artistic effect noticeable in Oriental silks. The stalls in the silk bazaar were principally filled with articles of native dress—kefiyehs for the head, in all colours; long sashes in white or yellow twilled silk; long robes for men, of thin silk lined with cotton and closely and beautifully quilted by hand.

On leaving this bazaar it seemed to follow naturally that we should look for otto of roses, another specialty of this region. We followed our guide through a maze of winding, dimly lighted alleys to a dingy little street, where we found a dingy little shop

which we smelled before we saw it. It proved to be a perfect curiosity shop of everything aromatic. There was no attempt at arrangement; it was a mere medley of sandal-wood boxes and rosaries, incense in every form, liquid perfumes and scented powders, balsams and spicy gums.

The keen-eyed, sharp-faced old man who presided, hardly deigned to look at us; he evidently did not care to deal with "dogs of Christians." When we stated our wishes he rather unwillingly produced a shabby box filled with greasy cloths, from

BAZAAR OF GOLD-AND SILVERSMITHS, DAMASCUS.

which he drew a bottle half full of yellow oil, and as he poured this carefully into a tiny phial the rich fragrance filled the room, with almost oppressive sweetness. No other perfume is so volatile; it evaporates almost in the act of pouring, as we had already discovered to our cost. We understood the haste with which the old man corked and wrapped his bottle, whose contents, if he could sell them in America, would enable him to retire from business.

To visit all the bazaars of Damascus would furnish interesting occupation for a month, and we had not quite three days for the

whole city; to describe even those we saw would require a special edition of the *Magazine*; those that have been mentioned are especially characteristic of this city; many of the others, though equally interesting, are common to Cairo and Constantinople.

Accident had already favoured us with a peep at village life and houses amongst the poor; in Damascus we had an opportunity of seeing the opposite extreme. Certain wealthy residents, who own very handsome houses, allow them to be shown to travellers desiring to see examples of the best native styles. We gladly availed ourselves of the privilege, our first visit being paid to a Jewish mansion, which presented the usual blank wall to the street. Inside, a corridor with an abrupt turn led to a sunny central court, where rose trees in full bloom grew as high as the second storey. Opening out of this court was a very handsome reception room, half of it being a dais raised two feet above the rest. The lower portion was paved with marble mosaic, a richly sculptured marble fountain occupying the centre. The raised portion was carpeted with rugs and contained a few easy chairs and a low cedar-wood table. All the decorative treatment was expended on the walls, which were divided by marble columns into panels containing, alternately, windows and mirrors. Below these ran a marble dado, and above them a frieze of carved medallions, surmounted by a series of small stained-glass windows, the whole being finished by a curved cornice painted with landscapes. This elaborate decoration had an extremely rich effect, in direct contrast to the plainness of a smaller room across the court, which was called the winter parlour. Its only furniture was a divan around three sides and a rug on the floor; no doubt it was the family sitting-room, and the absence of unnecessary furniture in Syrian houses is due to the prevalence of correct taste, and not to poverty, as I had thought might be the case.

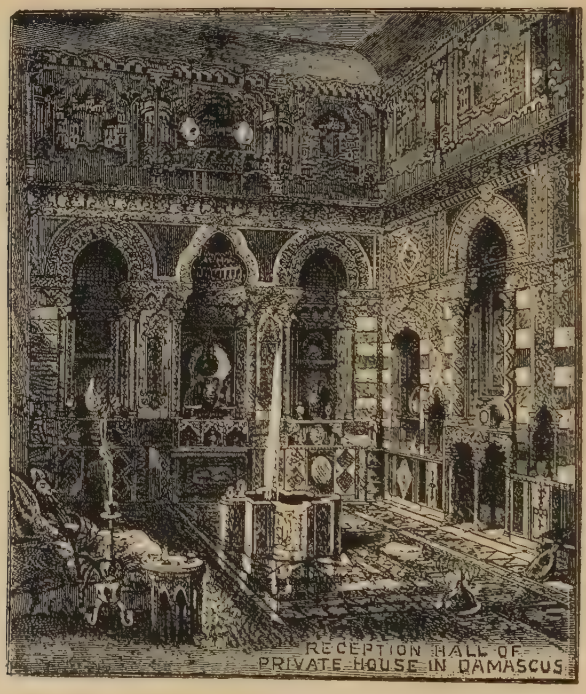
The second house (also Jewish) which we saw, differed little in arrangement from the first, except that it had a summer parlour an arched recess raised some steps above the court, toward which it was entirely open. A couple of pretty young girls, with dark eyes and creamy complexion, dressed in soft and sheeny silk and walking on high pattens, did the honours of the establishment. They spoke French with a piquant accent, and combined gazelle-like shyness with a genial hospitality.

The third, belonging to a wealthy Greek, was very much larger, and it would be difficult to find a more charming example of its style; a style only possible in lands that have little cold, and no snow. It was built with two courts, the first, devoted to the servants, was airy and clean, but without ornament, if we except a magnificent Agrippina rose near the entrance. The second

court was entered by a passage leading from the first, and was evidently the feature of the mansion.

It was ablaze with light, reflected from the creamy white walls and the polished mosaic pavement, a brightness that would have been glaring had not its effect been softened by a broad border of tropical plants and shrubs. Palm, orange, citron, pomegranate, rose and jessamine threw their light shadows on the pavement and filled the warm air with perfume.

A graceful colonnade along one side of the court afforded shade at all hours, and the play of water in a large fountain gave



RECEPTION HALL OF PRIVATE HOUSE IN DAMASCUS

refreshing coolness. All the rooms of the household opened on this charming substitute for a hall. One one side (at right angles to the colonnade) two large and handsome reception-rooms for the master and mistress of the house were divided by a lofty, arched recess (open to the court), where soft rugs, and heaps of silken cushions made a charmingly luxurious nest.

Opposite these, a handsome suite of rooms, finished in marble, was fitted with every appliance for Turkish baths. It had been intimated to us that we might be presented to the lady of the house, but lack of time had forced us to decline. However, as we were leaving, one of the servants motioned us to look through

a small, open window into the adjoining room. There, curled up on the divan, was a lovely woman in native dress, smoking a cigarette. It was the lady of the house, and she had evidently posed for our benefit.

The same afternoon we were very unexpectedly introduced to another Damascus interior in a rather extraordinary manner. Returning from a visit to the house of Ananias, we saw a very large and apparently excited crowd in the street ahead. They were making a tremendous noise, aided by a drum or two and some musical instruments. The Doctor's desire for useful knowledge led us to move nearer in order to see what it meant. We got a little too near, for we were suddenly surrounded by a very demonstrative crowd, which carried us along in spite of our efforts to escape. We were swept up a narrow lane, then into a low, dark passage of such unsavoury odour, that someone mercifully sprinkled us with rose-water. Breathless, and somewhat alarmed, we came to light again in a very small court, which instantly filled with people; those who failed to get in swarmed on the walls and roofs overlooking it. Without knowing why we went, we found ourselves in a tiny house on one side of the court; it was full of people in the same state of excitement, but they seemed peaceably inclined. They motioned us to the windows, piled cushions on the floor; cigarettes, coffee, and a bottle of *arrack* were produced, as if by magic; and we realized at last that we were invited to assist at some festivity.

Meanwhile, the noise in the court was deafening; they were dancing, brandishing swords, singing and shouting as if they had gone mad with glee; and the people in the house regarded the whole scene with great complacency. Abdallah managed to get near enough to explain that the oldest son of the owner had been on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and his friends had gone out to meet him on his return, and rejoice over his safe arrival.

Having the key to the puzzle, we soon picked out the "pilgrim."* He was a dark-eyed youth, with a gentle, pleasant face, and he seemed well pleased with the hubbub around him. It was impossible to doubt, from the constant glances up at the windows, that the actors considered that the *éclat* of the occasion was greatly heightened by the presence of the strangers. We had some difficulty in getting out through the crowd, and, being by this time somewhat ruffled, we resolved to grace no more triumphal processions.

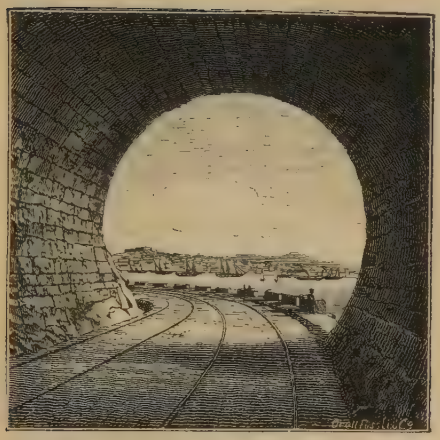
CORNWALL, Ont.

*Many groups of these pilgrims we met throughout the country, on their way to or from the holy places of Jerusalem. See the little group on page 108.

VIEWS ON THE SEMMERING RAILWAY.

OVER THE SEMMERING RAILWAY AND THROUGH STYRIA.

BY THE EDITOR.



TUNNEL NEAR ST. BARTOLOMEO AND VIEW OF TRIESTE.

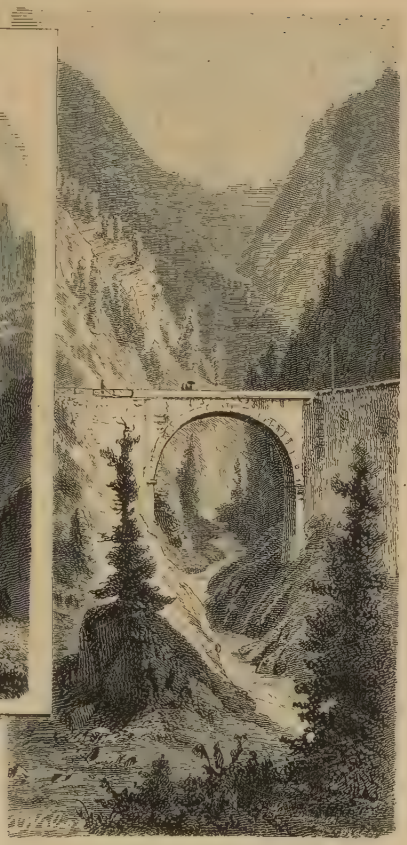
On a beautiful day in May, 1892, I left the city of Vienna for the ride over the famous Semmering Pass. In a few minutes the stately city, with its towers and cupolas, high above all rising the beautiful spire of St. Stephen's church, was left behind. As we rode through the pleasant suburbs, on our right lay the Schönbrunnen Park and a little beyond begin the Sandstone Hills, once the shore of the Sarmatian Sea. We get a glimpse of the aqueduct which carries the water from the mountain springs to Vienna, and of sundry artificial ruins, symbols of the pseudo-romanticism which prevailed at the time of their erection. In an hour we pass Weiner Neustadt, an important manufacturing town, the birthplace of the Emperor Maximilian I. In the ducal castle is the most preposterous coat-of-arms probably in existence, that of Frederick III., with eighty-nine quarterings, and his favourite motto in which he monopolizes all the vowels, A, E, I, O, U,—Austria est imperare orbi universo,—"Austria is to rule the world."

The Semmering railway is one of the oldest mountain lines in Europe, and is remarkable for the boldness of its engineering and the grandeur of the scenery through which it passes. In thirty-five miles there are thirteen tunnels and eighteen viaducts. The latter were made before the use of iron was introduced, and are, therefore, conspicuous for their massy strength and solidity. The construction of this part of the line cost $300,000 per mile. Some of the bridges have stone piers one hundred and ten feet high, structures compared with which the great works of the Romans sink into insignificance.

The bright spring foliage clothed every mountain slope; the

VIADUCTS ON THE SEMMERING RAILWAY.—THE RAXALPE IN THE BACKGROUND.

VIEW IN THE ADLITZGRABEN.

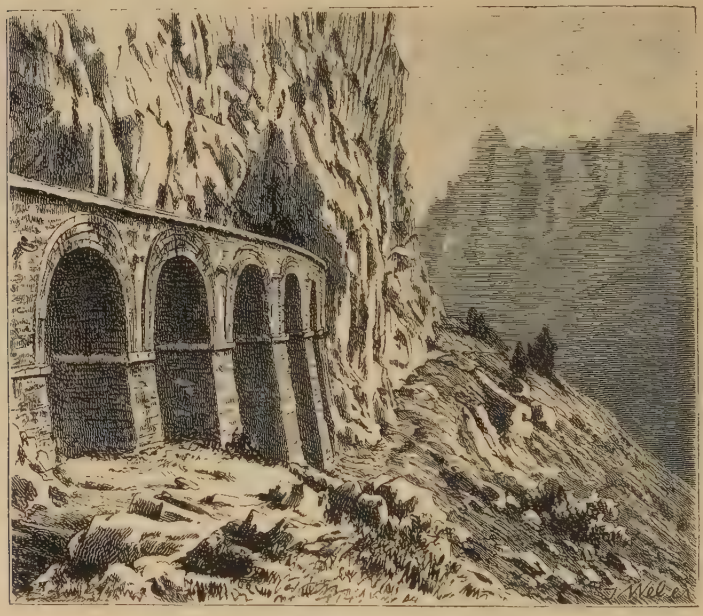


MYRTHENBRUCHE.

aromatic breath of the forest was wafted from every side. Larches, elms, and, as I went south, the glossy leaves of the chestnuts mantled the steep hillsides. Far below sank the valleys, above rose the Schneeberg and other snow-clad mountains. In addition to my Baedeker I had a local guide-book with numerous illustrations, and was able to recognize distinctly every one of the famous bridges, viaducts and points of view shown in the accompanying engravings.

I had spent a good deal of money in Egypt, Syria and Turkey, and on my journey from Constantinople to Antwerp, which I made alone, I travelled economically, most of the way in third-class coaches, and thereby saw more of the native population, and had very excellent company. Among these were a Turkish officer and his orderly. The latter bestowed a great deal of attention on his master, brushing and dusting his uniform, taking care of his sword and other belongings, and

generally asserting a very comprehensive oversight. I rode through Bulgaria with a very intelligent American missionary on his way to Sofia to remonstrate with the Servian Government for an overcharge on a press introduced for printing evangelical literature. I met another very interesting Greek missionary, who had in his possession some religious literature published in Toronto, and, more singular still, an English journal containing a reprint with unauthorized expansions of my story of Barbara Heck. I found my fellow-passengers everywhere kind, courteous and most anxious to give every information. This was sometimes

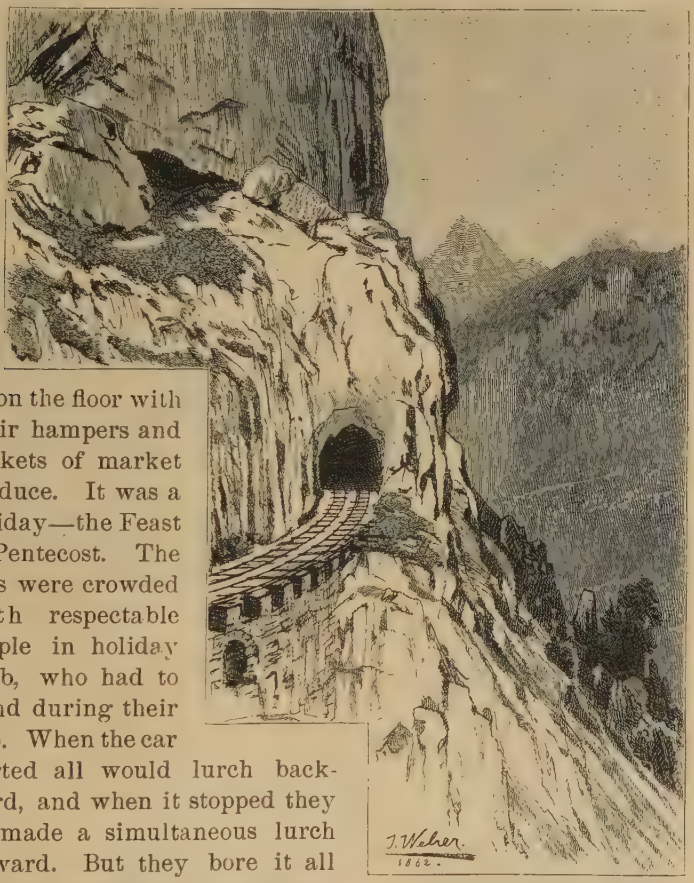


GALLERY ON THE WEIN-ZETTELWAND.

a little difficult where their local dialect was beyond my comprehension. On this Austrian railway, especially, an intelligent group of Styrian peasants took intense interest in identifying the places in my guide-book, giving me the best position to see them, and playing the host to the stranger from over the sea in a very hospitable manner.

A wealthy merchant of Toronto was once asked why he rode in a third-class car. He replied, because there was no fourth-class. In Austria and Germany one has not that excuse. As they make a difference between fast and slow trains, there are even more than four prices. Once I made the experiment of a

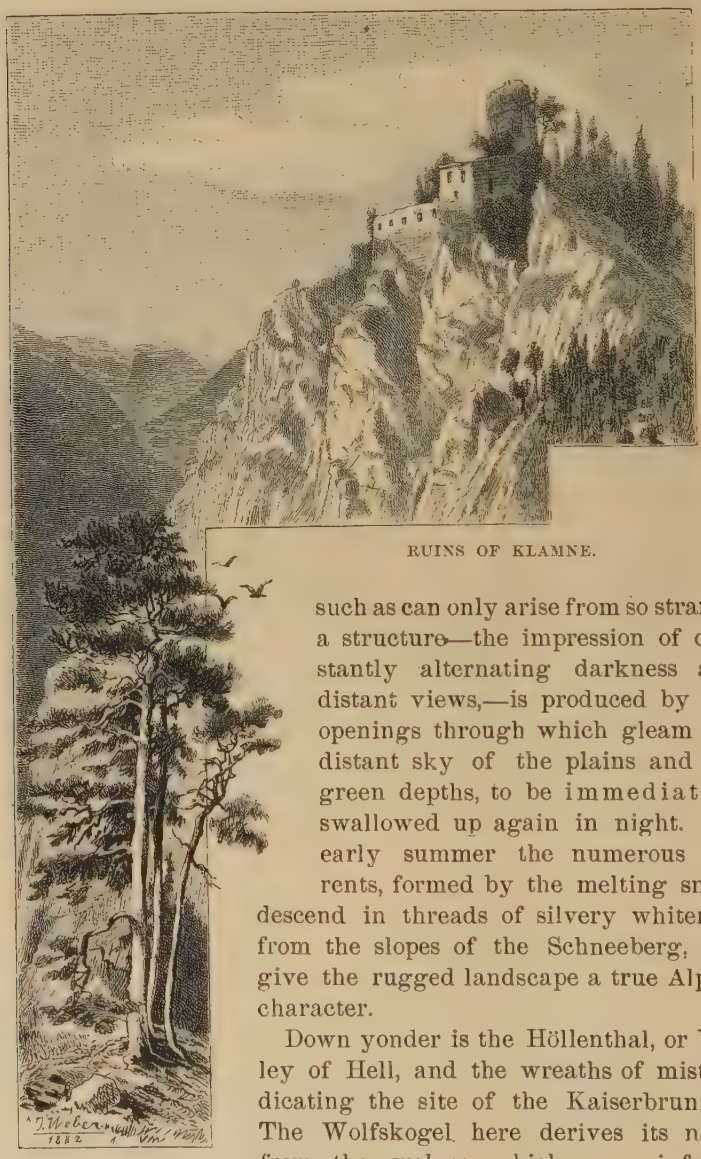
ride in a fourth-class car to see what it was like. I cannot very highly recommend it for comfort. It was very much like one of our cattle cars, without seats and without even straps to hold on by, as in our crowded street-cars. I had my valise to sit on and so was comfortable enough. The peasant people generally sit on the floor with their hampers and baskets of market produce. It was a holiday—the Feast of Pentecost. The cars were crowded with respectable people in holiday garb, who had to stand during their trip. When the car started all would lurch backward, and when it stopped they all made a simultaneous lurch forward. But they bore it all with imperturbable good-nature and beguiled the time by singing what I supposed to be a snatch from a Wagner opera, from the frequent recurrence of a refrain about the Rhinegold. One young man had a superb tenor voice, and seldom have I heard such high-class music, or witnessed such genial good-nature and genuine politeness, as in that fourth-class German railway car. But this is a digression.



WEIN-ZETTELWAND TUNNEL.

Soon we see the steep precipices of the Wein-Zettelwand, to which we are conducted by a unique structure, half gallery, half tunnel. The structure was not originally designed in its present

shape. At first it was thought that a simple excavation in the rocks would be sufficient. But the brittle stone required a series of tunnels, connected with each other by galleries. An effect

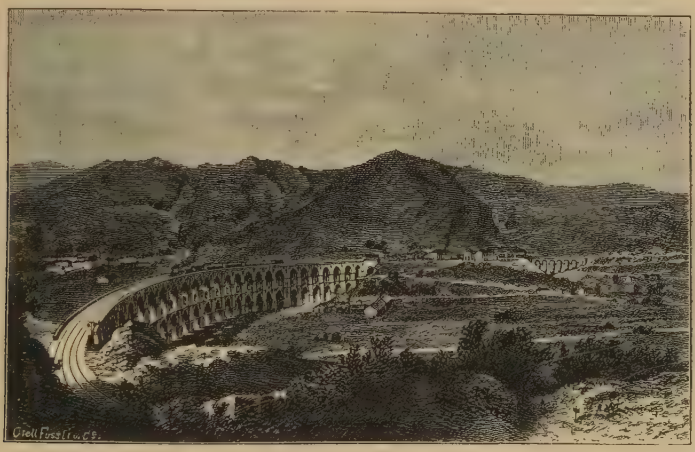


RUINS OF KLAMNE.

such as can only arise from so strange a structure—the impression of constantly alternating darkness and distant views,—is produced by the openings through which gleam the distant sky of the plains and the green depths, to be immediately swallowed up again in night. In early summer the numerous torrents, formed by the melting snow, descend in threads of silvery whiteness from the slopes of the Schneeberg, and give the rugged landscape a true Alpine character.

Down yonder is the Höllenthal, or Valley of Hell, and the wreaths of mist indicating the site of the Kaiserbrunnen. The Wolfskogel here derives its name from the wolves which once infested the lonely path. The many crosses yonder have been erected in memory of the men who perished many years ago while engaged in the construction of the line, as shown in our initial

cut. In the surrounding larchwood cows are grazing. Yonder the mists are circling round the Schneeberg, or snow mountain. From the stag to the badger, all the animals of the chase now extant in Germany roam the mountain forests. Traces of ancient glaciers are not wanting. The tunnel which pierces the boundary wall between Austria and Styria is nearly one mile in length. It being perfectly straight, one end of it is visible from the opposite end. After issuing from the tunnel we find ourselves in Styria, in a peaceful but monotonous landscape.



VIADUCTS ON THE SEMMERING RAILWAY.

"In the early days," says Becker, "the smelting furnace glowed and the smith's hammer resounded in the green valleys, the herdsmen's songs echoed on the heights, the too luxuriant forest that decked the hillsides was thinned out, and one human habitation after another rose out of the ground—green and flourishing saplings of civilization hedged about by the blessing that descends upon pious labour. Yes, pious labour! for still was felt the influence of that practical Christianity which in our mountains laid the axe to the forests and drew the furrow through the field; still were its messengers, wherever we find them, girded alike for work and for prayer."

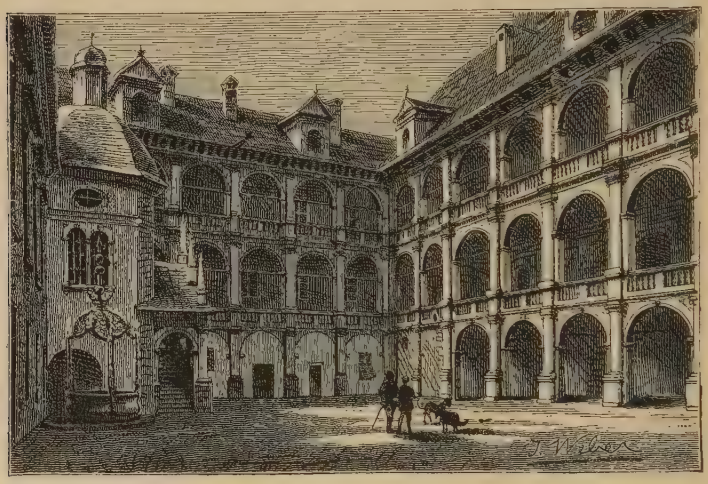
In Styria the scenery is of exceeding interest. Green valleys running up among the snow hills, with their old, old churches and unpainted wooden or stone houses, old chateaux and ruined castles.

High on the left we may now see Maria-Trost, and—visible from afar—the castle mount of Graz, the once barren cone of dolomite, converted into a garden of incomparable beauty.

Graz, with its hundred thousand inhabitants, is the largest town within the borders of that Alpine district in which the German tongue is spoken. It is also the stateliest and most beautiful.

In no other town of the Alps is the vegetation so luxurious and shade-giving trees so plentiful. The surrounding mountains attain no great altitude. Gently sloping, rounded summits and long, monotonous ridges bound the horizon of the Styrian capital, while towards the east the Pannonian plain begins, as did the sea which in remote ages spent the fury of its waves against the granite and slate islands and peninsulas bordering the Alps.

In Schlossberg, or castle mount, is a poem written in verdure by Nature and completed by the hand of man, and speaking the more to the heart the oftener one peruses it; its park, with the



COURT OF THE "LANDHAUS," GRAZ.

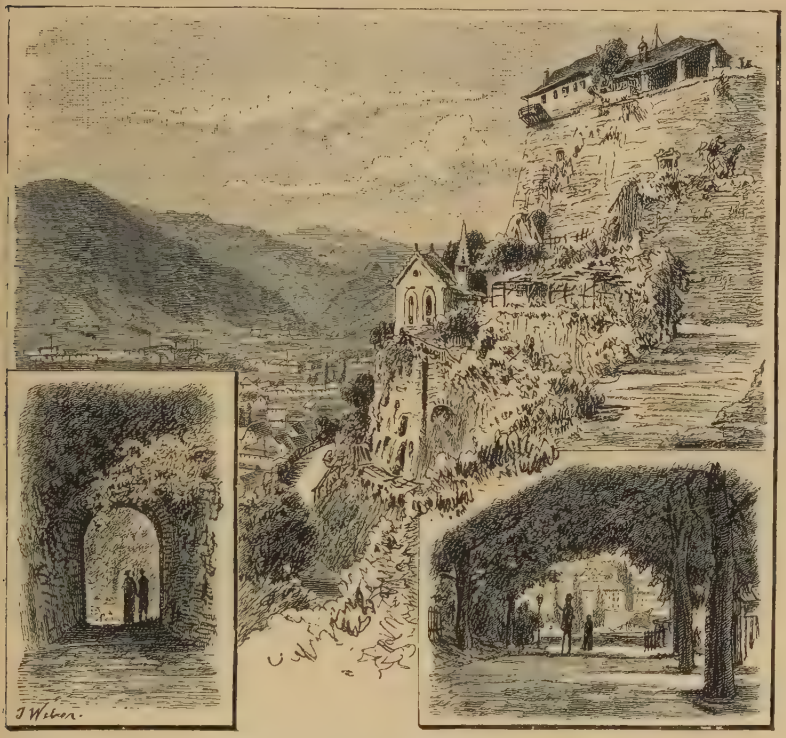
green turf, pretty groups of trees, gay flower-beds, and shady avenues, form a magnificent landscape.

In the second half of the fifteenth century the town was incessantly threatened by the incursions of the Turks, Styria being overrun by the Ottomans no less than ten times within the space of four-and-twenty years. Twice the town was in serious danger, and its immediate environs were terribly devastated, but the inhabitants were, nevertheless, successful in keeping the foe at bay. In the great invasion of the Turks from which Austria suffered in 1529, the capital of Styria was again threatened, and was pressed harder than ever. Three miles to the south of Graz, the Turkish corps, retiring from the fruitless siege, was overthrown and completely annihilated by the Christians.

The antique edifice shown in our cut on this page is the Landhaus, a building of historical interest and great artistic

merit. As long as five hundred years ago this site was occupied by a house dedicated to official purposes.

The southern portion of the Landhaus includes the arsenal,—not a collection of weapons on a grand scale, but a real arsenal, out of which in earlier centuries those regiments were armed which the land was bound to equip—generally for service against the Turks. The arsenal possesses arms for thirty thousand men,



VIEW FROM THE SCHLOSSBERG, GRAZ.

mostly weapons as were in use during the seventeenth century, and a peculiar interest therefore attaches to this collection.

The Landhaus further contains the ancient Styrian cup known as the Landschadenbund-Becher. It is a priceless heirloom of the land, a magnificent and much-admired production of the goldsmith's art from the days of the first Renaissance. Connoisseurs refer it, some to a Nuremberg, others to an Augsburg artist. It is considered an unexcelled work in its kind. A wealthy virtuoso offered 300,000 guldens, or £30,000, for this cup, but he was informed that the masterpiece was not for sale.

The Schlossberg, or castle mount, of Graz is a magnificent piece of natural scenery in the midst of the sea of houses. Broad and convenient roads, and narrow, shady paths lead in gentle windings to the heights. At frequent intervals benches have been placed in well-chosen spots, some of which command very beautiful outlooks, so that the ascent is rendered easy and unfatiguing.

Up to the year 1809 the Schlossberg was surmounted by fortifications, which enclosed a spacious state prison. In this year it was successfully defended against the French, but one of the conditions of the treaty of peace which followed stipulated that the hoary ramparts should be razed to the ground, and to-day none but the most scanty traces remain of the once massive structure.

Bordering on Hungary, Groatia and Carinthia is the Duchy of Styria. It is traversed by three chains belonging to the Noric

OLD CLOCK TOWER ON THE SCHLOSSBERG.

branch of the Alpine system, which are on the north-west and south-west frontiers, rising to an elevation of 8,000 feet and upwards. The surface belongs to the basin of the Danube. There are numerous small lakes and hot and mineral springs. The forests cover about half the surface. The inhabitants are mostly German, but the Wends or Slovens are numerous, constituting about 36 per cent of the population; nearly all are Roman Catholics. Iron is extensively manufactured, and linen, cotton, woollen and silk goods to some extent; but the most important branch of industry is timber. Millions of jewsharps are annually exported.

The view from the top-heavy looking clock-tower shown in our cut is described as one of great extent and beauty, a magnificent prospect of the river Mur and the mountains on the west and south. This, however, I did not see, as I undertook to make a short cut across a rugged country to Salzburg, which required a number

of railway changes on short local lines. I made all of these successfully but one. My unaccustomed ear did not distinguish the difference between the words "umsteigen" and "aufsteigen" as expressed in German gutturals, but which express all the difference between "getting on" and "getting off" the train. So I found myself on the wrong road. The conductor explained in voluble German that as the roads were all under government control, I would not lose the value of my ticket, but by paying an extra gulden (fifty cents) I would be conveyed to Salzburg, via Linz. And a very lucky mistake it was, for it gave me a ride through the wild and even exciting country of the river Ems, where snow-clad mountains rise on either side and tremendous cliffs seem to obstruct the passage of the road. At one station we came across an excursion of hilarious schoolboys in uniform, with their band of music, returning from a holiday picnic with of flowers fastened to their Alpenstocks, all singing and cheering merrily.

I arrived in Linz late at night in a heavy down-pour of rain. I observed that Baedeker describes the "Goldenes Kreuz," or "Golden Cross Inn" as "unpretending," which I thought would just suit an unpretentious tourist. I, therefore, took a street-car and crossed a public square to a large stone house whose wooden shutters were tightly closed, but through the chinks burst ruddy gleams of light. It had been market day, and the great guest-chamber was full of men and women drinking lager beer. Every room was occupied except the large dining-room, where fifty solid oaken chairs were placed about a great solid oaken dining-table. On the walls were a lot of old portraits and historic pictures, and in one corner an old-fashioned German bed, in which I slept the sleep of the weary. My bill for this entertainment amounted to the very modest sum of seventeen cents.

If one has only a little smattering of the language and is willing to go to the inns of the people, which are generally quite as comfortable, and much more piquant and picturesque than the fashionable hotels with their tiresome *table d'hôte*, he can travel very economically in Europe. At Salzburg, for instance, the next day a full days' board at a very clean, comfortable inn, with excellent entertainment, cost only sixty-five cents. After I had paid my bill and left the house I thought the landlord had made some mistake; and as I did not want to have on my conscience for the rest of my life the thought of cheating the man, I went back and asked him if he had included my room as well as entertainment—a thing I venture to say will not often occur in paying one's bills at a fashionable hotel. I was informed that everything was included, and so fared forth rejoicing on my journey.

MRS. GLADSTONE AND HER GOOD WORKS.*

BY MARY G. BURNETT.

MISS GLYNNE (MRS. GLADSTONE).

The mistress of Hawarden Castle is something more than the devoted wife of the great statesman who so long swayed the destinies of Great Britian. She has a notable personality of her own, worthy in its energy and sagacity of him with whom her life is linked. While the husband's career has always been interwoven with the highest affairs of state, the wife has shown her genius for administration by the charitable enterprises in which she has taken so active a part. Most things come about naturally as the effect of growth; and it is interesting to go back to the childhood of Mrs. Gladstone to trace the influences which directed her mind to deeds of beneficence. Things have changed since Mrs. Gladstone was a little girl, living with her sister and brothers at Hawarden Castle, nearly eighty years ago.

Mrs. Gladstone's father, Sir Stephen Glynne, died young, when his eldest daughter Catherine (Mrs. Gladstone) was scarcely five years old. Lady Glynne, a daughter of Lord Brabrooke, was left with the sole charge of the property and the children.

This was about the year 1813. At that date Hawarden, in common with a village in Cheshire, had the deserved reputation of being the most wicked place in all the country round. Mr. Neville, her brother, rector of the parish, with Lady Glynne's consent, closed the worst of the public-houses, and inaugurated a system of education for the parish, setting up schools in Hawarden village and in the districts round. It was a serious problem at the outset to obtain either teachers or scholars. It was necessary to employ bribery to get the mothers to send their children to school, and the aid of Lady Glynne and her young girls was brought to bear, in the first place, to talk the mothers over; and, secondly to prepare a store of frocks, coats, cloaks, and other useful garments. These were given away as Christmas prizes, to recompense the mothers for remitting the services of their little girls, and the pence which the boys could pick up at scaring crows and such like juvenile occupations.

*Abridged from *McClure's Magazine.*

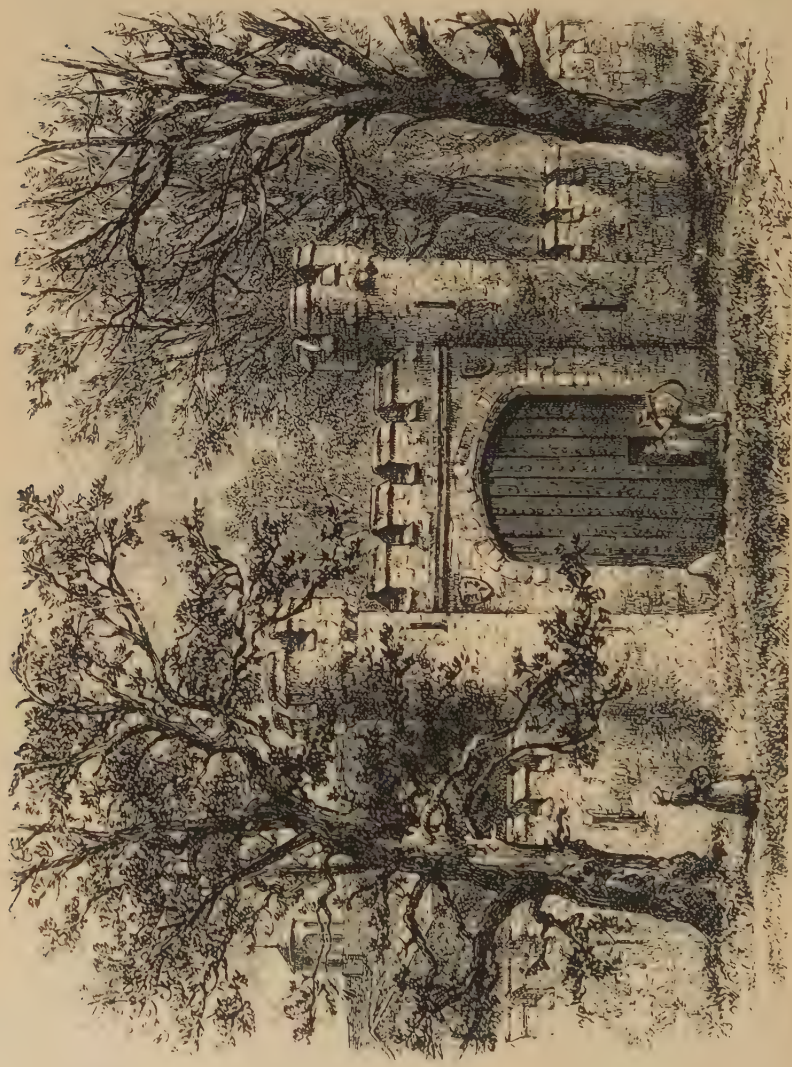
In such an atmosphere did the children of Lady Glynne grow up, systematically trained to assist their mother and uncle in everything they projected for the parish good. Catherine's brothers were then at Christ Church, Oxford; and, in the midst of it all, intimate with the leaders of the movement, amongst whom were young Gladstone and many other brilliant young men, destined to be friends through life of those two bright and beautiful young girls at Hawarden.

Thus a happy childhood matured into womanhood. The breezes of intellectual and spiritual awakening stirred the air. Theirs never was a life of mere social excitement which so often plunges the *débutante* into a whirl of pleasure without feeding the better life. They entered, it is true, into all the pleasures of London seasons, their beauty and bright minds fitting them to enjoy these to the full. But behind and above it all was the intelligence which kept them in touch with the movement of their day—a movement which, when turned into practical channels, brought about, for example the great work of Florence Nightingale, who re-created the hospital-nursing service. Certain it is that Catherine Glynne came under the influence of the Oxford movement, and was predisposed by it to take a leading part in the philanthropic work of the day.

HAWARDEN CASTLE.

In 1839 she married William Ewart Gladstone, whose great genius already forshadowed his future eminence. The same day her younger sister married Lord Lyttleton. In her married life Mrs. Gladstone found occupation to the full. She was always the true and careful mother who would not give over her duties to another, even to the best of nurses. She was devoted to her husband in his incessant political toils. She soon became a centre for philantrophic work of all kinds. She and Mr. Gladstone started Newport Market Refuge, which is now carried on at Westminster, with an industrial school attached. Begun in Soho in 1863, it was Mr. Gladstone's idea, for he saw many friendless wanderers as he went at night between the House of Commons and his home. Mrs. Gladstone threw herself into his scheme, and the work was started with an efficient committee. From the beginning Mr. Gladstone has been president and his

wife a regular visitor. The object of the Refuge is to give shelter to persons out of work and in temporary distress, to enable them to tide over their difficulties, and to find fresh employment. It does not take in the practised casual, or loafer,



THE PARK GATE AND ORPHANAGE, HAWARDEN.

but weary, sore-footed travellers, who have walked far in search of work and found none. Such are always admitted as far as room permits, and have the assurance of a week's lodging free with the prospect of an extension of time if the committee see a reasonable chance of their getting work.

In the course of a single year about thirteen thousand nights' lodgings and thirty thousand rations have been granted, and three hundred and nine men and women have obtained employment, or else have been sent home to their friends.

It need scarcely be said that the most vital feature of General Booth's great work in London follows closely the model set by the Gladstone institution.

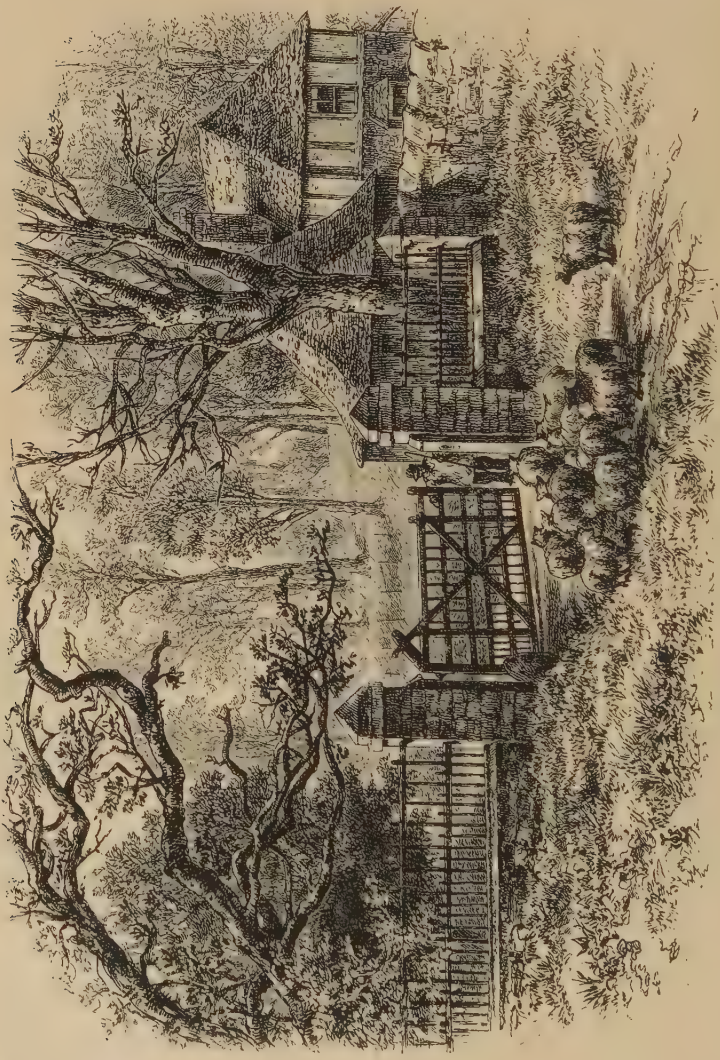
In 1866 a sharp epidemic of cholera reached England, and the East End of London was severely attacked. Mrs. Gladstone came in contact with it, in her regular visits to the London hospital. Parents dying left their children behind them, friendless and helpless. Mrs. Gladstone carried away many of the poor little wretches virtually in her arms. They were naked, for their only clothing had to be burned, but she found cloaks and blankets to wrap them in, and took them with her to her own house or lodgings which she had provided.

She induced her friends to furnish fresh garments without delay. And she rented an empty house at Clapton, wherein to lodge her orphans. She set about raising money to provide for their needs and those of other cholera patients. She wrote a letter to the *Times,* asking subscriptions for this object, and speedily five thousand pounds rolled in. With this she was able to keep her little cholera orphans in comfort. One who saw the sight, when she accompanied Mrs. Gladstone to Clapton, says she can never forget it. As soon as the door was opened she was surrounded by the little ones, who clung to her and almost overwhelmed her in their eagerness to obtain a caress from the one they loved so dearly.

Another prominent feature of her charities is the orphanage at Hawarden, which arose out of the American war of 1862, and the subsequent cotton famine in Lancashire. Mrs. Gladstone's brother, Sir Stephen Glynne, was alive, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone lived at Hawarden Castle with him. When the distress was most severe, Mr. Gladstone collected a number of men who were idle in Lancashire, and found them employment in cutting foot-paths through the park and woods of Hawarden. At the same time Mrs. Gladstone sent for some of their young daughters, and her brother, Sir Stephen, gave her the use of a nice old house which stood in the courtyard. This Mrs. Gladstone converted into a training home for the girls, under the charge of a very charming nurse of her own children, who had lately married. The experiment proved a great success. The girls had all worked in the mills, but they learned quickly something of domestic work. Then Mrs. Gladstone found them places amongst her own friends in the neighbourhood, whereupon

she was able to send for more girls to be similarly assisted. Some of them were lovely young women, and most of them married extremely well while in service.

Such works of beneficence as have just been sketched are only



ENTRANCE TO FARM AT HAWARDEN.

a few of those forming a crown of honour and glory for the head of the great Premier's wife. As for the deeds of private kindness, it can truly be said that Mrs. Gladstone has sown them on all sides, and it is characteristic of that noble woman's nature that she is loyal to the last to those who need her help, even if it be for a life-time.

"A COLONY OF MERCY."*

BY KATE T. SIZER.

SINCE the days of the Reformation Germany has been the fatherland of many a noble religious impulse. Our own John Wesley, as we know, owed his first glimpses of spiritual light to Moravian teachers, and General Booth has lately been taking patterns from German models to help his "Darkest England" scheme. One of the latest and loveliest efforts of German piety has been well christened "A Colony of Mercy."

In the north of Westphalia stands a busy manufacturing town called Bielefeld. Around stretches "a glorious expanse of meadow and field and woodland," with an outlook towards the blue ranges of the Teutoberger forest and the Weser mountains. A height near the town is crowned by an old castle, formerly a stronghold of the Counts of Lippe Detmold. Nestling in the beech woods at the foot of this hill lies a thriving agricultural settlement. Pass along its roads, and you will soon find that this is no ordinary village. The toilers in field or workshop mostly bear an ineffaceable stamp of suffering; white-capped sisters or kindly-faced brothers are in charge of many groups. This village is Bethel—a house of God indeed, where loving hands for the Master's sake have made a home for epileptics.

This fearful disease—epilepsy—is far more widely spread than is often supposed. One to two in every thousand suffer from it; but how little provision is made for their relief! Epilepsy is seldom curable, but it often takes years to kill its victims. Between the seizures they possess strength, capacity, sometimes talent, but small is the outlet for their pent-in energies. Epileptic workmen are dismissed from their employment; even friends often shrink from the unhappy sufferer on whom has fallen this awful, mysterious malady. There are all ages, all ranks in the vast host of epileptics; yet little had been done to soften their hard lot till the fatherly heart of one German pastor took up their cause.

In the year 1867 Pastor Balcke began the work. Four epileptics were taken to a farmhouse which was named Ebenezer, and the venerable pastor knelt down quietly in prayer with these four "first-fruits" in the farm parlour, asking God's blessing on the work. That was the opening of the home. Very scanty were

* *A Colony of Mercy; or, Social Christianity at Work.* By JULIE SUTTER. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs.

the funds in starting; but faith abounded, and the house stood in the beautiful Ravensberger land, the people of which delighted in good works. These kind and well-to-do peasant folk had had a wonderful teacher among them years ago, and have received the Gospel into their very hearts. When the harvests are gathered in waggon loads of farm produce roll up to Bethel. The farmer's wives have been known to take their ancestral amber necklaces and put them into the collecting-plate at missionary services. Their sons and daughters have given themselves to the service of the Kingdom. "Scores of deaconesses, dozens of ministering brothers—or if you will go further, of missionaries—are drafted from the stock." The seedling colony of mercy could not have been planted in more fruitful ground.

A few years after the home was begun, its directorship passed into the hands of Friedrich von Bodelschwingh. This man was the son of a prime minister of Prussia, and in his childhood a schoolfellow and playmate of the Emperor Frederick. Bodelschwingh's first experiences of life began therefore in high places; but he had a mother who taught the growing boy to be mindful of the poor. This noble lady, when the wife of a cabinet minister, never, if she could help it, patronized fashionable tradespeople; she kept her custom for the humble dressmaker, for the shop in the back street, and for all whose needs were greatest. True to her teachings, Bodelschwingh in his early manhood gave himself, with his young wife, a cousin of his own, to mission work in Paris. Afterwards they accepted the invitation that took them to Bethel.

Under his care the colony has prospered and branched out in many directions. At present it has five distinct developments: (1) Bethel proper, the home for epileptics; (2) Sarepta, the mother-house for training deaconesses; (3) Nazareth, the home for deacons; (4) the labour colony, Wilhelmsdorf; (5) the Workman's Home Association. All these branches have grown as the need called for them. Bodelschwingh is a man of large heart and strong brain; and Bethel, which began by stretching out its arms to epileptics, has ended by sheltering many other needy ones. But the centre of all is still the care for these special sufferers.

Love surrounds these poor creatures; faith upbears them in its arms, for the weakest and most helpless has a soul to be reached; and practical good sense is used for their benefit. Each patient is given a sphere of usefulness. "If he can only push a wheelbarrow, he shall have that wheelbarrow to push!" . . Work is given them "of an elevating character, leaving with the patients a sense of usefulness, of still being wanted; scope for ambition

even. Their own old aim and effort come back to them. For life brightens, even though the sunny ray be wanting, and gains in value just in proportion as we know we are *doing* something in the world."

Bethel is therefore like a hive for business, and wonderful is the work the patients accomplish. They are grouped in small guilds, according to their work. There is a colony of carpenters dwelling at Little Nazareth (almost all the houses bear Scripture names); and at Bethlehem ("house of bread") all the loaves and cakes consumed in the settlement are made. There is a Tailors' Home, a Shoemakers', a Gardeners', etc.; and a Chemist's Shop, where the drug most useful for epileptics, bromide of potassium, is prepared. They have found out a purer method of producing it than is generally used, and not only the wants of the colony are supplied, but a large quantity is sent out free of charge, and with advice, to epileptics all over the world. At Bethphage ("the house of figs") pleasant food for eyes and mind is turned out, viz., books and illustrated texts and cards, the latter often the work of talented patients. Bethel has a wonderful gift for calling out any existing faculty. We find this when we come even to the story of the epileptic imbeciles, where one poor fellow, crippled in his right hand, yet manages to clean all the boots of his station, holding them between his knees and polishing away with the left hand.

We should like to give many pictures out of the fascinating book which forms the groundwork of our article. We will choose a Sunday evening scene. The pastor's great desire is to bring these epileptics to Christ. There is little bodily help for them, but One can heal the soul, and over the door of their church stands a marble image of Christ the Healer, saying, "Come unto Me, ye heavy laden." Many of them do come, laying down their burdens, learning peace, and even gladness. In their hymn-books the leaves are most worn which bear the songs of thanksgiving. The church is cruciform; its foundation stone was laid by the Emperor Frederick, when Crown Prince. The afflicted congregation gather in twos or threes, the stronger guiding and supporting the weaker, in a way most touching to see.

"A strange feeling of awe," says our authoress, "naturally steals over the visitor when, for the first time, he meets with this people in their beautiful church. He has been warned there will be "fits," and even as he enters he sees the preparation for them—a curtained off partition in the four entrance lobbies, with couches which have a sad look of much use about them. But everything is managed so quietly; you hear a moan or a cry, you see some

brothers or sisters rising to take away the sufferer—it never creates a disturbance. . . A poor fellow has started from his seat and falls foaming, the night of unconsciousness quickly overtaking his vexed spirit. They have carried him away, and he will be lying on one of those couches, knowing nothing of his trouble. The billows are passing over his soul; he may wake presently, and in through the little window will stream the voice of the preacher, the song of the people. It was close upon such a harrowing attack one Sunday evening, the people rose and their hymn filled the building—"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear," they sang, "it is not night if Thou be near;" and then they went home through the darkening beech wood quietly, though every one of these singers knew that he or she might be taken with such a fit the very next moment, and what assurance have they it is not the last? "They are learning to be still, with the stillness of Zion."

These couches, spoken of above, are to be seen in the schoolrooms where the boys and girls are taught, in the workshops, everywhere. When a sufferer falls, the first to offer assistance are his fellow patients. It had been feared that the companionship of epilepties would be mutually hurtful, each one seeing in the other what his own affliction really was. The result has proved quite different; the sense of fellowship in trouble is soothing and sustaining. Even the little children help a stricken comrade so tenderly. There are many little children at Bethel, and a new house was lately built for the very youngest of the epileptics. The pastor, wishing to clear the building of debt, put forth a striking appeal: "Let all parents send one penny as a thanksgiving for every healthy child they have." Four hundred thousand pence came in response—over $8,000. All in this home are more or less imbecile, but the sister who "mothers" this helpless little flock is proud in her love for them, proud to feel they need her so.

Another gathering-place for suffering little ones (not epileptic) in called Kinderheim; and the stories told of the love and care shown there, and of the sweet blossoms these bear in childish lives, are beautiful. "It was Christmas once in Kinderheim. . . The little convalescents, boys and girls, were singing their hymns, and on Christmas Eve the cots of the babes stood in a circle about the tree—a girl baby among the number who would not much longer be among them, evidently. The white, wasted face was getting more wasted every day, and the little chin more pointed, and the children called her 'Mousie,' because of her thin, pointed face. 'Mousie,' too, had been taken to the Christmas

tree. She was, perhaps, a year old, and her eyes grew bright, she raised her wasted hands in baby wonder, a smile flickered over her face—and she was gone. It saddened all that flock beneath the tree. But none more sorrowful than little Laura—a frail child about ten years old. Little Mousie had been her special charge, given her by 'Auntie,' who teaches these children they are one another's care. 'I didn't pray for Mousie this morning,' she wailed; 'I thought of Christmas only, and now she is gone!' That night, when the children's ward was hushed, a song rose. Laura and five or six others outside the door, behind which Mousie lay sleeping, stood in their night-dresses in the dimly-lit hall, singing a children's hymn of little feet crossing the border—'To live is Christ,' they sang, 'and to die is gain.' . . By-and-bye the home-call came for Laura also; she lay with laboured breath, quite satisfied the time had come. 'Look,' she cried suddenly, 'a host of angels, and—oh, yes! all the children among them; and—oh, look! little Mousie right on Jesus' lap!' And thus this little sufferer died in simplest faith that dying was to be with Jesus and with 'the other children' in glory." On the brows of these children, as they lie in death, is always placed a victor's crown of laurel or myrtle—a true and touching symbol.

The strength of Bethel lies in its service of love. From Bodelschwingh downwards every brother or sister puts love, with all its mighty inspiration, into his or her work. The pastor is head, of course. "He generally asks our leave to things when they are done," said one of his committee humorously, but Bodelschwingh's one passion is for the cause. For its sake he has parted with rank and fortune, dropping the aristocratic "von" from his name. Under him work several pastors. At the head of each tiny colony, such as the Carpenters', or Bakers' Home, stand a house-father and a house-mother, who look on the workmen under them as their family. In the hospital and school-work the unmarried brothers and sisters naturally take the lead. But the Deaconesses' Home trains workers for many places beyond the borders of Bethel. The sisters are often sent for to work in parishes, where they nurse the sick, care for the children, and visit the poor. None is allowed to enter the sisterhood under twenty-five; they are trained for their work by years of probation. They are bound by no vows, but as a rule their whole lives are spent in the service. The mother institution keeps up a link of love with them wherever they go, and in sickness and old age they are cared for as they have cared for others. They have no salary except a small sum of pocket-money; but they do not serve for earthly reward, and their bright, happy faces show how

thoroughly they are satisfied with their choice. The sisters number six hundred; the brothers are a smaller band, but equally devoted.

One of Bethel's many streams of mercy runs out even as far as Africa. A Berlin missionary society was in difficulties; Bodelschwingh took the work upon his own shoulders, the society finding the funds still, and the men being provided from Bethel's devoted workers. Africa is the pet child among the Bethel schemes. Even the poor imbeciles brighten when they are told a letter has come from Africa. At Kinderheim a little black girl, who was rescued from slavers and sent home to Germany, is a constant link to the distant land. One of the little patients got this African mission laid on her heart, and gave to it first the one treasured halfpenny she possessed of her own, and then ten pounds that her persistent love had collected from the visitors who passed her cot.

A few years ago Germany passed through a severe financial crisis, as a result of which thousands were thrown out of work. The many beggars who came asking help at Bethel's hospitable doors attracted the pastor's notice; and he thought it hard that the honest men among them—those who would work if they could—should not have a chance. South-east from Bethel stretches a large sandy plain called the Senne. The soil is poor and difficult to work, but this made the land easier to obtain. Here Bodelschwingh planted what he called a labour colony. Some of his own convalescent epileptics, for whom Bethel could no longer find room, were the first settlers; but a swarm of the hungry unemployed followed them with delight. Fifteen months after the beginning of the colony two hundred and twenty-five men were at work there. Among them was to be found an officer, another wore the iron cross, another had been a surgeon, and so on; all classes had contributed to furnish this host of needy ones. The work done by these unfortunate men goes first to pay for food and clothes—for most of the new comers are in rags when they arrive; then what is over is not given to them, but laid up in store, and when they leave the colony it is forwarded to the employer whose service they enter, or some other safe person, to prevent its being spent in drink. During the first fourteen months eight hundred and thirty men who had passed through the colony were placed in regular employment; for the aim of the colony is only to keep them for a while and help them back to honest life. While there, a devoted house-mother and house-father look after their comfort—even the Christmas-tree, so dear to German hearts, is provided for them at Christmas—a sweet,

pure atmosphere of home-life and piety surrounds them; to the poor, down-trodden vagrants the colony must seem a door of hope indeed.

Bodelschwingh's schemes do not end here. But space fails to tell of his model houses for workmen, built to give each a real home; and of the helping hand he holds out to the weak, the sinful, to all in any trouble. Even that much-to-be-pitied class, the aimless rich, has a place in his sympathies; a home called the Eichhof stands ready for rich prodigals who are anxious to forsake the husks. Marvellous is the story of what humble love and faith have been able to accomplish. Christian, benevolent England might find many a page to copy in the book that tells of Bodelschwingh and Bethel.

Without quoting whole pages of the book, it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the love, patience, gentleness, and thoughtfulness that surround the sufferers. Their lives are made thoroughly cheerful, their tastes and dispositions studied, their faculties afforded sufficient exercise. "I used to be so dreadfully afraid of these fits," said one; "but now I am trying to think that it just a *falling* into the hands of Christ." An English girl was sent to Bethel from Cape Town. She did not know a single word of German. She had been in the Colony about a week when she said, "I am very happy here, though it all is so strange to me in this strange country; the sisters are so kind, and I know a German word now—*Mein Liebling!*" A blessed abode that in which the first words learnt by a lonely girl are "My darling."

Whence is the staff procured necessary for nursing, instructing, overseeing these fourteen hundred epileptics. The home-life not only demands a larger number of attendants than the ward or hospital system, but brings the "brothers" and "sisters" into closer contact with their charges. They sleep with them, eat with them, spend their hours of recreation with them—in one word, all live together as members of one family. Often their faces and frames are distorted. Where love and tenderness are the first requisites, money payments will not go far. Every one of the attendants is a voluntary worker, in receipt of no real salary. Each brother or sister is fed and clothed at the expense of the establishment. Married couples are allowed a small sum for clothing for themselves and their children, but in no case more than is absolutely necessary. Her von Bodelschwingh is no exception to the rule. He has long ago contributed all his private property to his various philanthropic schemes. His wife has followed his example, selling her jewellery and retaining barely sufficient money to educate her sons.

Many happy deaths are chronicled in this volume. The mortality at Bethel reaches, of course, a high rate. Each death recorded was a veritable euthanasia. The patients take a strange pleasure in contemplating the graveyard, often the spot selected for their own interment. Death has no terror; it is falling asleep, to wake in heaven, and is thought of as calmly as bedtime.

The colony to a great extent grows its own workers. That noble army of deaconesses, bound by no vow, free at any moment to resign their office, yet spending and being spent in lifelong service and obedience; nursing, teaching, in the colony, in town or country, or in far-off lands; receiving neither for themselves nor for the Institution one farthing of payment; women of all ranks and ages united by a common love to Christ and of those for whom Christ died, may well move our admiration. They are appointed, recalled, sent to this or that work, or to rest at the will of the Director; and yet, somehow, theirs is a life of liberty. They are always in touch with Sarepta, being present either in person or by letter at the weekly gatherings, and thus they take a share in the general management of the concern.

Our authoress speaks enthusiastically of the devotion of the deacons:

"Admiration is not the word; it is reverence. We expressed some of our thoughts to one of these youthful brothers—he was but nineteen, and looked such a bright youth. 'How *can* you do it?' 'Well,' he replied, 'we know we cannot in our own strength, and we are here on trial for the life we have chosen. It is a little hard sometimes, but there is a love which helps.' And there was a light in his eye which said he spoke true. He was a mere boy, with no down on his lip, and his idiot flock clung to him, crying, '*Brother! Brother!*' Truly there is a love which helps; one saw it and felt rebuked.

"Hadleigh Farm is an unacknowledged imitation of Wilhelmsdorf, only instead of house-fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, there are commissioners, adjutants, colonels, captains, and so on.

"Bodelschwingh has persuaded the State to establish, partially under his oversight, relief stations, where tramps are fed and lodged, paying by a certain amount of labour. Every effort is made to secure permanent work for all willing to accept it. The result is that professional beggars have almost disappeared from Germany."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

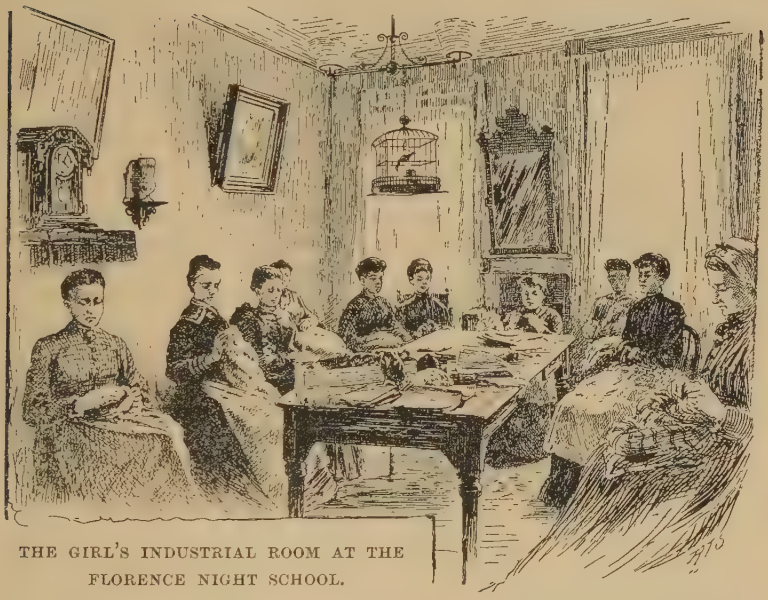
Learn to give, and thou shalt bind
Countless treasures to thy breast;
Learn to love and thou shalt find
Only they who love are blest.

Learn to give, and learn to love,
Only thus thy life can be
Foretaste of the life above,
Tinged with immortality.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

MISSION WORK IN TOUGH PLACES.



THE GIRL'S INDUSTRIAL ROOM AT THE FLORENCE NIGHT SCHOOL.

"It's life and death! Don't stop me! Clear the way, I tell you, or there'll be mischief done!"

Truly it looked like it. The man's face was flushed to a dark red, and yet was curiously pale about the lips. He was tall and powerful; a bullet head and heavy jaw, and long, strong arms that swung like flails as he ran wildly down the street.

"It's murder," someone said, as with frightened eyes all made way for the fleeing man. A policeman hastened his steps as the fugitive rounded the corner into Thirty-second Street, for the first rush had been down Seventh Avenue from one of the high tenement-houses not far away. The broad doors of the Cremorne Mission swung open the instant the man reached them as if some one behind them had felt the rush and answered the cry of a need unknown as yet, but of the sorest.

"Lock me up!" he cried, as the doors swiftly closed behind him, and he fell limp and breathless on one of the long benches. "Lock me up! You promised to help me. Help me now or I'm gone. It's on me, I tell you. I'm going mad if I ain't helped."

Frank, to whom this appeal was addressed, was the faithful man in charge of the Cremorne Mission rooms, and was himself

a convert from the lowest depths. He had been a drunken sailor, dragged into the Water Street Mission by a friend, and to his own intense and always fresh surprise was converted before the evening ended. The most secret cranny of a drunkard's mind was an open book to him. He knew every possibility and phase of this and of every other malady of soul that could possibly be brought before the Mission, and he regarded each fresh case as another chance for him to bear witness to the power of the work he had chosen as his own. His serious eyes and firm-set jaw testified to power enough for every emergency. He said little, but somehow the worst cases submitted to him and followed his directions implicitly. He nodded once or twice in answer to the appeal, then took the trembling man by the arm and led him toward the stairway at the back of the Mission, leading to a room above.

"She'll see to you," he said, as a door was reached, and he pushed the shuddering figure before him. "Stop your worryin', an' Jesus an' all of us will pull you through."

The policeman had reached the door and put his head in with an interrogative look.

"It's all right," called back Frank, who shut the door at the foot of the stairs and shot the bolt. "It's a feller with the trimmins comin' on, an' he wants to be looked out for. Not comin' on either. It's the craze to get a drink into him, an' the fear he'll break his promise an' cave in. Go 'long; it's all right,—you're not needed for that kind o' thing."

The fugitive, with as deadly a terror upon him as any who in an older day fled towards the cities of refuge, had thrown himself on the floor, and beside him knelt a woman whose face and voice carried with them a power that stilled the most turbulent and tempest-tossed spirit. He caught at her dress and held it with the clutch of a drowning man.

"It's the devil's own fire inside of me," he said. "You don't know how it feels. I'll have to go."

"No, you won't," said Mrs. McAuley in a quiet voice. "Here comes Frank. Now, drink this, and you will not mind so much."

Wise woman. Frank was there with a cup of steaming-hot, strong coffee, made on the instant, in his little office below. He knew what would steady the quivering nerves so accustomed to the pull of alcohol upon them that only the strongest substitute would make any impression. The patient was O'Rafferty, a convert of only a few months' standing; a man who had been the terror of the ward, and whose first coming into the Mission had been to threaten another man with a licking for daring to do the same thing. Time and again he had been "sent up," to Blackwell's Island for countless offences committed on drunken sprees. Every boy in the ward knew his name, and all had watched to see how his new craze would turn, and how long he would hold out. Night after night he had risen in the old Mission in Water Street with anxious look and knitted brow.

"Lord, if I shouldn't hold out, what a disgrace on the Lord

Jesus and the whole Mission," had been his form of prayer. "Pray for me, friends, that I needn't fall away, for I'll be like to cut me throat if I do."

"There'll be no need o' anything as strong as that," Haggerty once said with a little twinkle, in reply to O'Rafferty's despondent prayer. Haggerty, who knew every phase of drunkenness, had also been converted in the old Water Street Mission and chose to stay there and work in the same fashion that Frank did at the Cremorne. Now and then he called at the Cremorne to see his old friends and ask, "What cheer?" He had dropped in that very morning, and, recognizing O'Rafferty, he said with cheery yet earnest voice, "The Lord Jesus is plenty powerful enough to hold you stiddy. Stop frettin', and just take it for granted you'll be kept straight. That's the way it was with me. You've got to trust, and then the devil can't get nigh you."

This time the devil was nearer than at any time since the trial began. Frank watched his excited charge closely and knelt down beside him as Mrs. McAuley prayed for peace and deliverance to come to this poor tempted soul; and then he led him to an upper room and pointed to the bed, which had held many another in like condition.

"Don't let me out whatever I may say," the man begged, and Frank nodded encouragingly.

"Don't you fret. We're goin' to pull you through."

"It's a pretty fair day," Frank said to himself as he closed the door behind him and descended to the floor below, where Mrs. McAuley was facing three women, one of them dressed in the extreme of fashion, and with all the make-up of an experienced actress. "Only eleven o'clock, an' three hard ones in already," he said to Mrs. McAuley. "It'll be a good day I'm thinkin'."

"A good day for Frank is the one that gives him the most to do," Mrs. McAuley said to the women with a smile. "But that's so for all of us. Now, tell me just what you want and I'll see what we can do for you."

"She's crazy," said one of the other women apprehensively. "She would come, but there's no sense in such asking. What I've come for is to find out about Lena that you took in here last month. Her folks have searched her out and want to take her back home, and they were ashamed to come here for her."

"They'll have to get over it then," said Mrs. McAuley, after a moment's look at the crafty face studying hers as intently. She knew the trick. Two or three girls who had taken refuge in the Mission had in the very beginning of their new life been taken out on this plea. "You'll have to try some other way. I'm pretty well used to this one," Mrs. McAuley went on with a smile; and Frank, who had lingered near, watched the trio out and shook his fist after the retreating figures.

"God forgive me," he said; "but them's the kind I could 'most strangle with me own hands till they promised to let other women alone. I'll have another look at O'Rafferty upstairs. He was dangerous when he come in, but he'll be pulled through."

At this moment a child, impish, skinny, tearful and ragged, entered the doorway and rushed toward Mrs. McAuley.

"See," was all she said; but the black-and-blue bruises on her lean little arms told the story more powerfully than words.

"See," she said again, as she thrust out a stockingless leg on which were more black-and-blue marks. "I wants to stay here till me mother's out o' her drinkin' fit. I sold me papers good. All the boys helps me. There isn't wan round the station doesn't give me a chance, an' I'd twinty cints o' me own, an' me mother took it all for drink, an' thin basted me whin I snatched an' got back a penny. I give Tim the money for me papers to-night, but what'll I do if me mother comes after it? Please let me stay here awhile."

"Stay and welcome, you poor little soul," said Frank, and then made a rush up the stairs as he heard the sound of vigorous kicks on the door of the little room in which he had left O'Rafferty.

"Easy now!" he shouted. "What are you up to in there? Easy now! Easy now!"

"Let me out! For the love o' God let me out," came back the answer with a roar like that of a wild beast. "I tell you I'll do murder if I'm not let out. Oh, no, for the love o' God *don't* let me out."

The roar changed to a cry. There were sobs and groans within, and Frank's own eyes were not dry.

"Poor soul," he answered "I'm here. I'll stay a bit with you, O'Rafferty. You shan't be let go, to get into worse trouble."

He listened a little. The sobs lessened. O'Rafferty was on his knees, praying in an agony, and outside the door Frank answered him: "Lord Jesus, that holds up all them as is nigh fallin', and did it to Peter on the water, hold up this soul and never let go till he's inside the kingdom. Amen, Amen."

Downstairs again he ran, for another call had come from below; a voluble Irishwoman, half drunk and wholly dirty and foul, had come straight from the police court, where she had been fined five dollars after a night in the cells.

"I want me Pat!" she cried, with maudlin tears,—"me Pat that ye tuk from me an' turned agin his own mother that bore him. He'll not see me put upon and made the spoort o' all. Where's me Pat? Answer me that now, or it'll be the worse for ye, murtherin' turncoats ivery wan o' ye."

It was Frank's business to quiet her, and he succeeded at last in getting her away, watched by the little news-girl, who had curled down on one of the seats and was enjoying the warmth and the sense of shelter and protection. Meantime a woman who had entered silently dropped on her knees and prayed for a moment, then rose and looked apologetically at Frank.

"I can't help it," she said; "I'm too used to goin' into a church to do me prayin' not to miss it a bit sometimes, an' this is nearer church than anything I know. Do you think it's wicked?"

"I'll not be sayin'," Frank returned. "But I will say you mustn't turn your prayin' into idolatry an' think it's any better

than down on your knees in your own room an' none to see nor hear. Here's this Kitty, the news-girl, again, black-an'-blue from her mother's beatin'. You're in the same house with 'em. Can't you keep a kind of an eye to her an' save a rap or two maybe? It's hard on the young one, and she the bread-winner for herself, let alone the little baby at home."

"The baby's most through with its troubles," the woman returned. "Its mother mashed it worse last night, rollin' on it, and I doubt but that she might be tuk up for it. It would be a good thing for the whole house if she was."

Kitty burst into tears and made toward the door, pushing away Frank's detaining hand.

"It's me own fault," she sobbed. "I might 'a' known me mother'd mash him. I wisht she'd mashed me instead of the baby. I want to get him an' bring him here."

The woman turned with her, and nodded reassuringly to Frank, saying as she passed out, "I'll have an eye to all of 'em."

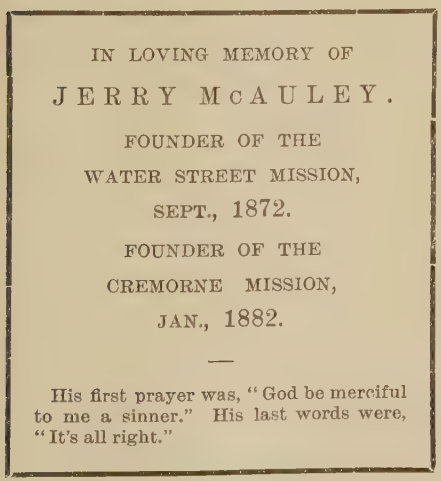
Their places were filled by a girl whose face was red with weeping, and who, with one scared look at Frank, flew up the stairs and almost threw herself upon Mrs. McAuley.

"I didn't go away from the Mission of my own will," she said. "They watched for me, and Willy was there, and he asked me just for his sake to come and have dinner with them, and then—and then—You don't believe me. You don't trust me. Oh, what shall I do? What will become of me?"

She threw herself down in a passion of weeping, clenching her hands as the sobs threatened to become hysterics.

"Let me tell you all," she cried. "I never told you the whole. If I do that, then perhaps you will believe me."

Let us leave her with Mrs. McAuley's tender eyes bent upon her, her gentle voice bidding the girl take comfort. Such story as hers cannot have room here, though indeed it might well be told for every girl who turns with longing toward the great unknown city, and pines to escape from the irksomeness of country life. We cannot even follow the Mission through its day. From early morning till late night its doors are open, and sad souls tell their tale and beg for shelter, for sympathy, for aid, and not one of them goes away unanswered.


IN LOVING MEMORY OF
JERRY McAULEY.
FOUNDER OF THE
WATER STREET MISSION,
SEPT., 1872.
FOUNDER OF THE
CREMORNE MISSION,
JAN., 1882.
His first prayer was, "God be merciful to me a sinner." His last words were, "It's all right."

BRONZE TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF JERRY M'AULEY ON THE WALL OF THE CREMORNE MISSION ROOM.

The night mission work of Mr. H. B. Gibbud among the very lowest outcasts in tenement-house districts is typical of the work now carried on by the Florence Night Mission. The following incident in his experience illustrates one phase of the work performed by these all-night missionaries. He says:

My congregation was a motley crowd assembled in a small second-story room on Baxter Street, in one of the lowest sections of New York. The audience was gathered from neighbouring alleys, narrow streets, saloons, dance-halls, and dives. Jews, Gentiles, olive-skinned Italians, and almond-eyed Chinamen, sat side by side. Sailors were in the majority. Drunken women, both white and black, and a few loafers who had found the corner chilly on that bitterly cold night, gathered round the stove. A scattering of beggars and tramps sought refuge from the wintry blast. Several boys and girls, attracted by the singing, helped to fill the room.

Among the notables present was "Lame William," a shiftless, drunken fellow, who had helped us to rescue a girl from the slums. He was afterwards led to Christ and became a sober, earnest Christian worker. Then there was the "Midget," with innocent, doll-like face, and others of less notoriety. I read the story of the Prodigal Son. All listened quietly, and I was only interrupted by the stertorous snores of the sleepers, and by the yells and cat-calls of street-boys who persistently hooted at the door. The story was familiar to many, some of whom had literally left good homes, gone into a far country, spent their substance in riotous living, and had arrived at the pig-pen point of the journey; and my prayer was that some might arise and come back to their Father.

I was urging them to do this when a woman entered and crouched near the door. My attention was drawn to her at once, —she was such a wreck. Though not over twenty she looked forty. Ragged, dirty, bruised and bloated, she had hardly the semblance of a woman. I told for her benefit the story of the Scotch lassie who had wandered away from home, and of her return and welcome by a loving mother. I ended by saying, "There are those here to-night who have a loving mother still praying for them." This shot at a venture struck home. Her lips quivered; tears ran down her cheeks. She was the first to come forward for prayers. She told me between her sobs that she was the only daughter of a praying mother, then living in another part of the city. She had erred in her choice of her company, and an elder brother in anger had put her out of the house, threatening to kill her if she returned to disgrace the family. Driven from home she gradually sank from one level to another until she became an outcast on the street. For five years she had neither seen a relative nor heard from home. I urged her to return, but she hesitated, doubting her welcome. I promised to visit her mother and plead for her, and the girl finally promised to be at the meeting the next night.

The next day I visited her mother. She was a Welsh woman, sixty years of age, living on the top floor of a cheap tenement-house. She had been a Christian for many years. After conversing with her on other matters I cautiously inquired if she had a daughter named Jennie, and was surprised when she calmly answered "No." I told her I had been informed that she had.

"Well, I once had a daughter by that name," she slowly said; "but she is dead."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes. At least I think she is. Yes, I am sure she is. We have not heard from her in five years. Then we heard she was dead."

I told her she was still alive and anxious to return home. The mother's love returned In great agitation and with tears streaming down her face she exclaimed:

"Tell her she is welcome. Oh, find her and bring her to me, and all shall be forgiven. For God's sake do not disappoint me. It will kill me if you do."

I promised to bring Jenny home without fail. But that night she was not at the meeting. In vain I searched all the neighbourhood, but found no trace of her.

In one of the saloons I met an acquaintance,—a young prize-fighter. He had drifted into the mission room one night and had disturbed the meeting so much that in sheer desperation I suddenly seized him by the collar and bounced him through the door with such quick despatch that it had won his profound admiration and warm friendship. I told him the object of my search. He said that Jennie was probably in some stale-beer "dive," adding that stale-beer dives were underground cellars or small rooms kept by Italians, where liquor was sold at one cent per pint, and where the most degraded wretches often gathered for a night's lodging, for which they paid two or three cents each.

He volunteered to pilot me and help to search for her. It was near midnight, and the thought of venturing into such dens was not pleasant. But the promise to Jennie's mother decided me, and I said, "Lead on, I'll follow."

"Well, mishener (missionary)," he said, as he went along, "I ain't much stuck on religion. Yer see I didn't have no mother to religious me an' I guess that's the reason. But I'd help anyone out of them dives. I ain't religious like, yer understand? Yer can't be religious an' fight, can yer? Well, that's how I makes my eat. No fight, no eat, see? So it's either eat or religion, an' as I takes naterally to eat an' don't to religion, I eats an' fights an' fights an' eats. See? I may reform some day an' git religion. I hain't got nothin' agin it nohow."

We walked rapidly through a narrow, dark street; then turned into a long alleyway leading into an area or back yard, in which stood a typical rear tenement-house. We entered a place kept by an Italian hag named Rosa On a rude bed were lying two little Italian children. Their innocent faces were in strong

contrast to those of the bloated, blear-eyed crowd. On the foul wall hung a picture of St. Roco, who, Rosa the dive-keeper said, was "a gooda saint in Eetally."

I entered into conversation with the keeper. Her face was wrinkled, and her piercing, black, snaky eyes shone like beads. Rosa's knowledge of English was limited; but she enabled me to understand that her husband "picka de rag, my sonna he playa de harpa, makea muse," while her daughter "keppa peanutta stand an' sella banan." The one aim of the family was "to getta rich and go backa to Eetally."

In the meantime the fighter had been pulling out sleepers from under the seats and scanning their faces. At last, crouching in a corner, was found the child of many prayers. Aroused from her stupor I found the spirit of the previous evening had fled. In vain I pleaded with her to return home, and earnestly spoke of her gray-haired mother so anxiously waiting her return, willing to forgive all. But she would not go, making the excuse that "she had no shoes," hers having been stolen while she slept. The fighter went out and soon returned with an old worn-out pair he had begged, borrowed, or stolen. Still she refused to go. A policeman, who had meantime stepped in to see what was going on and had listened to my appeal, now joined us in urging her to go home. He said, "You had better go; you know if you stay around here likely as not I'll be ordering the dead-waggon for you, and you'll be carted off and dumped in the Morgue and buried in Potter's Field." This had no effect. Finally, losing patience, he gave her a poke with his club, saying. "Get out o' here. You've got a good chance. If you don't take it I'll club the life out o' you if I ever catch you on my beat again."

Once on the street she became more tractable but more despondent, saying, "It's no use; it's no use."

The fighter, who had become intensely interested, exclaimed: "What yer want to do is to brace up an' go home, an' do de straight thing. Don't give in. You'll get along. Don't it say, mishener, that the Lord will percure? I ain't religious much meself, but I think it does. For when I was a doin' ten days on de island a lady gave me a track that said something like that on it."

At length, though very reluctantly, she consented to go with us. We started for her home, reaching there about three o'clock. All was dark, but we groped our way to the top of the house, to her mother's door. The poor woman, worn out with watching, had fallen asleep, but woke at our rap. She told us to go into the front room. We did so. Jennie had been weeping silently, but now, as the old familiar pictures on the wall became visible by the dim light of the candle, she began to sob aloud. The mother entered with a lamp in her hand. She gave one glance at the girl, then quickly stepped back, nearly dropping the lamp. "That is not my daughter," she wildly cried. "You have made a mistake. No, no, that is not my Jennie. It can't be." She covered her face with her hands and sank to the floor beneath

the burden of her grief. "Yes, mother, it is your Jennie, your poor, lost Jennie. Don't you know me? There's Willie's picture, and that's Charlie's," she said, pointing to some photographs on the wall. "I am your Jennie. Oh, forgive me, mother, forgive me." With this cry for pardon she fell sobbing at her mother's feet.

When mother and daughter sat side by side on the sofa, the black tresses of the daughter resting on the silver-white locks of the mother, and tears were rolling down both faces. After a prayer we left. The fighter said, as we reached the street, "Two doses of this kind of biz would fix me sure. I'd have to git religion if I starved. I think if I did I'd be one of them what do yer call 'em,—Eve angelists? I'd hold meetins in de te-a-ters an' git in all de boys and——toughs like me. See? I might jine yer yit. Anyhow I hain't got nothin' agin yer Good night."

The call next day at Jennie's home was one of many pleasant visits that finally led her to Jesus, and both mother and daughter joined a little church just started, and became followers and workers for the "Mighty to save."

ABIDE WITH US.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

Abide with us, the sombre shadows gather,
The light fades to the past;
The chilling gloom of doubt is all around us,
And night has come, at last!

We need Thee in life's day-time, when the sunlight
Gilds everything we see;
For joy is only joy as Thou art with us,
All gladness comes from Thee.

But oh! we need Thee sorely when the darkness
Droops downward like a pall;
When joy has spread her wings, her nest forsaken,
And tears like raindrops fall.

When by the grave of our dead hopes we linger,
And silence meets our cry . . .
We look to heaven, but only see the storm-clouds;
No stars are in the sky.

Abide with us! then darkness has no terror,
And doubt and fear shall cease;
Our deepest griefs shall all be soothed to silence,
Lulled to Thy perfect peace.

Victoria, B. C.

SPINDLES AND OARS.

BY ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

CHAPTER IV.—A CHILD OF THE SEA.

"I'M FOR THE BIG WATTER, DAD."

I MIND of Mr. Grahame telling in the first sermon he ever preached in the totum kirkie how man grows from less to greater, putting out fresh powers and gaining new faculties till he is fully what God means him to be.

And I can remember how Kirsty took ill with the sermon. She dandered into kirk that day in a braw new gown, and couldna sit for seeing Elspeth Mackay, in the pew before her, wearing the fellow to it. But, however, she was awful bitter on the sermon afterwards; for, being servant at the manse, she aye made the most of her right to criticise the minister in the pulpit.

"Na, na," said she; "he had no call to give oot that a man can be built up frae the puir life that floats in the jelly-fish we see whiles doon at the shore."

And, indeed, it takes a deal of faith for a woman with a tongue like Kirsty's to believe that she has grown from the dumb things that keep a silence more sorrowful-like than any other creature's cries. But David McNaughten stood by her. He wouldna be so bold as to disagree with the minister; but he had a man's wish to believe that Eve was taken out of Adam's ribs. It was the one argument he dare venture when he wrestled with Kirsty, who was for thinking woman the better man; and he was fain to hope man had had the start of the woman in life, and that they were no developed together, from lower forms.

But how should it be difficult to take humanity that way, seeing life rises everywhere, from the small to the great, from the seed to the flower and tree?

And it is the same with places.

We have in the town's library histories of Skyrle—braw

books telling about the Abbey and the old monks; but there is none of them can carry us back to the beginning of Skyrle when the fishers' cottages fringed the burn, and the life of the place was the life of the sea. And it is from this that the town has risen—stepping over the burn and climbing the brae, and at last throwing itself down on the common, its chimneys and mills like great limbs flung into the air as it lies in the sun.

And, though Kirsty was severe with the minister's sermon, there was one in the kirk that day who would value it all the more because there was the sound of the sea in it.

He sat in the corner; a small man, shy and strange and silent; with eyes brown and clear like seaweed, and a strong face with gentle lines about the mouth.

Mr. Grahame noticed him, and heard from William Rafe afterwards that he was Sandy Nicholls; a fine man, but close, living a lonely life and caring for naught but the sea.

And, indeed, it was a strange thing and mysterious, how all his life he had had no friend but the sea; even as a bairn finding companionship in the waves that ever seemed speaking to him. It was for all the world like the soul in the burn that hears the sea calling to it. And none could wonder it was so when Sandy's story was known.

Margot, his mother, was a twelve-months wife when her man won away to the herring-fishing, from which he didna come back with his mates. And there's many in Skyrle can mind of her walking the shore with her eyes set—looking out over the sea for Davie; while her heart trembled thinking of what was coming to her over a wider sea.

The babe came home; and none had the heart to tell her how Davie had been washed overboard within sight of Skyrle harbour on the very night his wee son was born.

She knew it all too soon, poor body; and they tell the tale in the town to this day—how one morning saw an awsome sight on the shore. The waves had given her back her man; and he lay close by the rocks, his dead face pressed into the sand by the dead face of the wife who had gone for to meet him.

The weed left by the tide was curled about them, and the babe's tiny fingers were tangled in it. He lay smiling and happy in the sun—the little orphan bairn—and the sight brought tears to the eyes of the man who had found them.

It was John Gouck, a big, idle, tender-hearted lad, who never had had the wit to get him a wife. He stood biting his thumb, and looking down sair puzzled how to handle the babe.

Syne he got a hold of it; and carrying it as gin it was a drowned kitten, he bore it home to his sister Maggie, put it ben the room to her; then hastened away down the lane, keeking round to see what would happen the bairn.

He kenned fine Maggie would na be very weel pleased at what he had done; for she was no athegither a young lass; and, having never been asked in marriage, had a kind of grudge against the innocent weans. And fine and angered she was to see the

bit bairn laid within the door. She rose full of wrath against John, and cried that she would take the babe to the poor's house that very minute.

But when she lifted him in her arms that had never held a babe, and felt his wee head on her bosom, the woman in her woke; and she sat down holding him close, and greeting.

John watched a long hour to see her come out; and when he slunk ben the house to his diet, he was wae, expecting a thrawn and vengeful woman. It made another man of him to see Maggie cheery and smiling, and the babe asleep in the basket on the hearth. And from that day Sandy never wanted father or mother.

All Skyrle lads love the sea. But John was never so taken up with it as some; and liked better to wander in the Abbey, watching the jackdaws, than on the cliffs of a summer's night. And, indeed, it was beautiful at the sunset to walk among the graves in the Abbey, with the shadows lying on the grass like a sleep, and the singing of the birds sounding clear in the silence, and the peace of the dead hushing the strife of the living.

But just so soon as wee Sandy could toddle John had to cease his walks in the Abbey; for it was aye the sea with the bairn. And "I'm for the big watter, dad," he'd say, tugging at John's breeks to lead him to the shore. It was pretty to see how the bairn could do as he would with big John Gouck that was more obstinate than Maggie his sister,—and worse canna be said of any man.

It was always the sea with Sandy; and gin he couldna be found, Maggie reached down the tawse and won to the shore. And there, sure enough, he would be, playing in the boats or helping the fishermen dry their nets or bait their lines.

He was a seaman born; and when John Gouck died and Maggie put the laddie to work in Rafe's mill there was a great controversy in the town about it.

And to see the wee white facie of him, as he turned his back on the sea, and went through the mill doors, was enough to melt the heart of any but a self-willed woman.

But Maggie had never forgiven herself for being so soon conquered by the bairn; and, though he was the apple of her eye, she was aye thwarting him to prove to herself and the neighbours that she was no so daft over the boy as John.

It was cruel to her to think of his going to the sea that had been the death of father and mother; but she didna say so. She made as though she sought but her own way in sending the laddie to the mill, and nothing the folk said could move her. And none, not even Sandy, guessed it was her love for him that made her cross him in the wish of his heart.

But she wouldna have found it so easy to bend his will to hers, if the laddie had not just then become a member of the totum kirkie. He had been newly gathered by the minister—a young lad who, being a great man for the sea, preached some awful grand sermons on it when he first came to the charge.

Sandy heard them every one; and when it came to the sermon on *Deep calleth unto deep,* there was that in his heart which answered to the call.

He went from the kirk into the manse; and the next week ilka body kenned that he had joined the minister's class.

And it was this that made him obey her who had been a mother to him, though it broke his spirit to be taken from the fishers' life.

After that it was pitiful to see him on summer nights, not playing on the common with the other laddies, but wandering on the shore, seeking company among the crabs and buckies and sea-flowers and such like.

So he came to man's years, a douce lad that was respected in the mill and in the church; though, to be sure, he was no ower muckle use in the totum kirkie, not being ready with his tongue or with his siller as a good Methodist should be.

But though he was canny with the bawbies in public, the fisher-wife knew where to turn when help was wanted. And gin he was a silent man, he was no deaf to the voice of distress.

It didna astonish any Skyrle body that he should go a-wooing to a fisher-lassie; though the fisher-folk will wed but among themselves. It was to be expected that Katie Cargill should say him nay; but it came as a blow to the young lad; and from that day he was more dour-like than ever.

And it was a sair thing that the lassie should say to him:

"I like you weel, laddie, and gin you had been a fisher-laddie I would surely hae thocht on't."

He had an awful white face on him that night; which made Maggie more than usual hard to him, she being afraid of greeting, through sympathy with his trouble.

For weeks after that the sound of the sea was terrible to him, and he was no more on the cliffs or by the shore. And when the looms stopped working, and the roar of the waves could be heard in the mill, a great sadness would come into his eyes, and he would set his face hard and turn again to his labour, as gin he would silence the voice that called to him.

By-and-bye Kate was wedded to a sailor lad; and by degrees the old ways came back to Sandy, and he would seek his pleasure on the shore—a lonely man and silent, scarcely smiling but when among the bairns in the school, or seeking shells for them on the sands. So he settled down into a douce bachelor, a good son to Maggie, and a great stand-by in the totum kirkie.

The Goucks had aye been great Methodists. And fine and proud was Maggie to tell how her grandmother had outwitted the folk on the occasion of Wesley's coming in 1770. Her man had opened his mill for the meetings, and had gone off with Mr. Wesley while his wife stayed with the folk who were no for leaving the meeting so soon.

It was well kenned that the miller's wife had the gift of tongues; and whenever the minister was away she took up the Word, and began telling how her Church was the true Church,

and her faith the true faith. She was so mighty sure of this, she said, that although the mill-dam was full to the brim she could walk from the one side of it to the other without sinking.

There were some that took her at her word; and, whether she would or no, they led her to the dam for her to prove her faith that way.

At the water-side she offered up a prayer, then rose; then she speired of the folk gin they thought she could do it.

"Ou ay, wifie; we believe it well eneuch—on you go!" they cried to her.

"Na, na," said she; "since ye're a' sae weel convinced i' your ain minds, your faith maun een be as guid and as soond as my ain; sae it would serve nae guid end did I fash mysel' workin' a meerikle."

With a forbear like that it was no wonder that the Goucks were well thought on in the totum kirkie; but, though Sandy had been brought up among the Methodists, he took ill with often losing the minister. And every three years, when they changed, he spent a week of Sabbaths on the cliffs till the new minister had got hardened to a Scotch congregation. But Maggie was very well pleased with the system that made her a proud woman every third year. And as soon as the manse had a new minister in it, she bade him to his tea at her house, and brewed the tea in the pot Wesley had used; and cracked the whole evening of John Wesley and John Gouck—especially of John Gouck.

And when she lay on her death-bed, she was well content to die, knowing that the intimation of her death would be in the *Recorder*. And she boasted of it to all the neighbours, saying how the *Recorder* was a great paper among the Methodists, and almost as grand a one as the *Skyrle Argus,* which has all the deaths in the town intimated in it, and is fine and instructive to read.

"And Sandy," said she with her last breath, "gie me your word as a church-member that you'll no go to sea after I'm awa'."

CHAPTER V.—GORSE-BLOSSOMS.

Maggie Gouck needna have asked that hard promise from Sandy, for even had he would, it was too late then to turn to the sea. He was over forty, and had worked in Rafe's mill seven-and-twenty years.

Old William Rafe was dead, and young William had the mill, and was sorely in want of a man like Sandy to advise him. They were both members of Mr. Grahame's class, and had the same religious views. And there is nothing like meeting in the same kirk and believing the same doctrines for knitting folk together.

William hadna long been master before Sandy was advanced to a good post in the mill, and this made Kirsty very bitter.

Years before, she had set her cap at Sandy; and though she and David McNaughten were courting, it irked her to see an unwed man getting the salary that should go to keep wife and bairns.

And specially she grudged the luck to Sandy; for a woman canna forgive a man that has slighted her courting. She took the trouble to give William Rafe a pretty piece of her mind when she heard Sandy was to get a better wage; but William never heeded her. He knew fine aye to let a woman do the talking so long as the doing remained to him. So, while he hearkened to Kirsty—it being a day's journey to get away from her tongue—she couldna move him from his intent.

He was a pushing lad, William; and soon his mill got a name in the town for being first with improvements in machinery and the like.

And more than one of the other mill-owners shook his head, saying it was a pity old Rafe hadna left a little caution to his son along with the siller. However, William prospered. And one day he got some braw new machinery into the mill.

When the thing was unpacked, it stood trembling and quivering, for all the world like a high-spirited horse; and the men held their breath, looking at the delicate springs and shining steel bands of it.

"She's a braw leddy," said Sandy, stroking it tender-like.

"Ay, is she," cried William, "a braw leddy and a costly. And there's none in the mill shall put a hand to her saving yourself, Sandy."

MISS ISOBEL HAD A KIND WORD FOR SANDY ALWAYS.

From that day Sandy was a man content.

It may have been that the noise of the machinery minded him of the sea, and the turning of the wheels of the curling waves, for after that he didna find the mill so irksome as before.

He had aye been a lonely man, but the engine seemed a friend to him; for he treated it like a human thing and gave it the love that no creature had ever wanted from him. The men chaffed him about "Jennie," as the called it; but, indeed, it was pitiful-like to see his tender way with it, and his timorous touch as gin the creature could feel.

William was a fine lad; but there was surely something hard about him when, knowing how Sandy's love gathered round his Jennie, he had him moved into another part of the mill to tend a finer engine he had gotten from the south.

Sandy said no word to him; but there was a pitiful look on his face when he went ben the room where the new engine seemed to mock his sair heart. It was summer-time in Skyrle, and the cliffs were all a-blossom with sea-daises, and campion, and maiden-pink; with dwarf-heather and yellow gorse that's in flower when love is in fashion. And, indeed, there is no day, winter or summer, but the thorny stem will hold up a golden cup somewhere on the cliff-side. And I've seen Miss Isobel winning home on a December day with her hands full of the yellow blossoms that made the manse a picture.

The lassie was often on the cliffs that summer and when she met Sandy, she had a gay word for him always; and the doggie Skye would never pass without giving him a paw to shake; but they couldna drive the trouble from his face.

Miss Isobel asked William what ailed Sandy, and he answered quick that he bothered overmuch about his work, and was thinking he was no able for managing the new machinery.

And this was likely true, for the responsibility of it fretted Sandy. His nerves were aye on the strain. The engine moved intricate machinery, and had secret curious ways of its own that were awful hard to mind of, and that, forgotten, would cause terrible accidents among the looms. He struggled with it like a man; but there was a noise of waters in his ears that drove him desperate with longing to get away from the stifling mill into the air full of the sound of the sea.

The old power was on him, stronger than ever; and he would wander half the night on the cliffs to fit him for the work that weighed on him through the day.

At the New Year he besought William to take him from tending the machine; but William lost his patience with him, and told him sharp there was no other that could do his work, and there was nothing more to be said.

Sandy went out from the mill that day more wae than ever; but Miss Isobel met him, and, seeing how it was with him, craved a favour if he would.

The lad had no heart for granting favours, but he couldna deny the lassie; and she took him ben the manse to his tea, and heartened him with her chatter till he had no mind of his troubles at the mill.

And Miss Isobel would have the names of the flowers on the cliffs, and told him how she loved the gorse better than any of them.

And for many Sabbaths after she found a bit of yellow blossom sitting on the ledge of the manse pew.

No one ever said who had putten it there; but the lassie would turn smiling to Sandy and nod at him. And this was a scandal to Widdy Rafe, who thought such conduct unseemly in a daughter of the manse; but I'm sure it was that smile that kept Sandy from breaking down over his work, and it canna be unseemly to cheer a lonely heart, whether in the kirk or out of it.

When Mr. Grahame was taken sick, there was none that felt

it more than Sandy. He had been a favourite with the minister, and the want of a kind word now and again was sair on him. His work was always more of a burden, and an awful strained look was in his eyes. It seemed as gin that engine was a bodily terror that he couldna get away from.

But none noticed how it was with him. Miss Isobel was nursing the minister, and William hadna a thought but for the manse people, and Sandy was no heeded by anybody whatever.

He lived all his lane, and none kenned how he neglected his food and couldna rest; lying awake through the night, or else walking out on the cliffs under the cold, wintry stars. His mates saw him at his work; and if they noted the look on him, they didna speir at him if he ailed anything. So it came to March, when Skryle was white with drifting snow.

The air danced with the thick flakes on the night when they sought Sandy up and down the shore.

He had been a lonely man, but it was wonderful to see the number of those eager to face the stormy night seeking him. Along the shore they went, and up the frozen road past St. Ringan's well; and the red lights of the lanterns were like sudden roses in the snow on the cliff-paths.

Far and near through the stern night they travelled; William Rafe nigh distraught, fearing death had overtaken Sandy.

In the dawn he went into the manse, his pale face fleiging Miss Isobel, who had been up all night with the minister.

"Have you found him?" she asked whenever she saw him.

He shook his head, and the lassie's face changed.

"We can find no trace," said William. "It is four days since he has been a-missing. He was last seen out by the cliffs."

"But surely, surely, there must be some trace?" said Miss Isobel very earnest.

"Only this," and William opened his hand.

His fingers were bleeding, for they had closed over a sprig of blossoming gorse and the thorns had pierced.

"It isn't much of a guide," he said; "but Geordie Mackay saw him with a bunch of the flower four days ago."

Miss Isobel gave a cry, then her face trembled.

"He must have been getting it for me; he has been caught in the storm and lost. He is dead—and—and, it is for me!"

"No, no, lassie, it is my blame," William groaned. "I kept him to the work that he hadna strength for. I thought more of my advantage than of Sandy, and——"

With that he bent down his head, and Miss Isobel heard him sob.

She rose and knelt on the floor beside him, throwing her arms round his neck while the tears ran down her bonnie face.

"William, dear," she whispered; "he may not be dead. Let us ask God to bring him home safely."

. . . . . .

The snow never stays long in Skyrle, and it leaves the rocks near the shore as soon as it falls. When the storm was over and everywhere the drifts were melting, they found him on the very spot where he had lain a smiling babe beside his dead father and mother.

The seaweed had twined a crown about his hair. His fingers held a bunch of gorse-blossoms.

CHAPTER VI.—MAY DAY.

It was at the school picnic in Fyston Den that Geordie Mackay had the first thought of Barbara Allister.

The bairns had gone out to their tea, and the den was full of happy faces and children's voices.

It was a bonnie place, and was made by the burn winning down through the dell to the sea. At one time it had travelled through a flat country, but year by year the water had worn the ground, and hollowed out a channel for itself, deepening it, till now the burn sang at the bottom of a steep slack.

The birks and rowan-trees rose from the slopes and met overhead; and at their feet the flowers glinted through sprays of bracken and fern and tangled grass.

A randy path wound down the den, and you followed it till just when you lost the burn you found the sea.

Eh, and it is often that way in life. We lose what made our hearts gladsome, and then, ere the tears are well out of the een, we have a sight of some bigger blessing spread out before us.

On the day of the picnic Geordie had wearied himself serving the bairns. They had sat round on the grass, and he had gien ilka bairn a wee bag with a cookie and three bittocks of fine bread intil't.

The tea had been infused ere the lurries started from Skyrle; and David McNaughten—with Kirsty beside him, be sure—stood and filled the cups from the big pitchers; and he'd fill some of thae cups six times ere the bairns would be content.

All at once there was something to do among the lassies; and there was Barbara Allister with her red cheeks all a-fire and her black eyes glowing because the proud hussies wouldna let her sit with them, she being in the gown she was used to wear at her work in the mill. The lassie was an orphan, and it took her all her time to live, without getting the hats and gowns that were a temptation to the mill lassies.

It was a kittle work to quiet Barbara when she was in a rage; but when Miss Isobel heard what the trouble was, she set her lips and rose in her high way.

"Come and sit with me, Barbara dear," she said. And she led her out before them all, and gave Barrie her tea beside her. And afterwards she called the doggie, and made him shake hands

with the lassie, and beg for cookies, and go through his tricks till Barrie had no mind of her old frock, and was as blithe as any.

Geordie hadna seen this, and, being wearied, he dandered away and laid himself down among the ferns; where he maybe thought of a rhyme or two about the flowers and the bees, and the burnie and the trees, and all the bonnie sights around him. Or maybe he just fell a-nodding and dreamed.

But, however, he heard the sound of singing, and lifted his eyes to see a crimson light streaming through the heuch, and the tree trunks rising tall and straight, and white round him And at the head of the path two young lassies came dancing down hand-in-hand.

The one was golden-haired, and the other a gipsy for darkness; but they each had flowers in their hair and sang as they danced. And in the red light the fair young things looked like spirits.

Then Geordie saw no more. And while he kind of swooned his dream went on, and it seemed to him that a saft hand was laid on his mouth; or maybe his mother had kissed him.

When he woke he was all in a daze.

There was something on his lips, and when he put up his hand he felt it was a flower.

Well, being a poet, Geordie saw more in that than mere lassies' fun. He pinned the rose in his coat; and afterwards he flushed red as the pickling cabbages in the manse garden to see Barrie Allister with her hand full of roses the fellows to his.

TWO YOUNG LASSIES CAME DANCING DOWN.

After that Geordie would wander in the den at the gloaming and think about Barrie, though, to be sure, he said he was studying human nature.

And often he shut his ee and saw round him the tall trunks of the birks, the red light, and a lassie, with dark eyes and roses on her cheeks and in her hands, singing through the den.

. . . . . .

On May Day, all the lads and lassies in Skyrle go out to the cliffs in the early morning; the lassies to wash their faces in May dew, and the lads to gather primroses and choose their sweethearts for the year.

Geordie Mackay had aye loved the custom, and every year he went out to watch the young folk making happy together. He liked the simple bonnie way of it; and found a deal of poetry in the day dawning over the sea, and the pale light of the primroses in the copse and among the uncurled fern fronds; in the sight of the blushing lassies, young and winsome, and the awkward laddies, shy and bold.

And liked to watch them come out blate and tender like the young day, and win back bold and hearty as the noon.

And many beside Geordie have had reason to think well of the first of May in Skyrle.

Geordie had no thought of the dreariness of winning out to the cliffs all his lane till the May after the picnic that had caused him to get into confusion between human nature and a lassie.

He dandered out that morning, not rightly kenning whether or no he should make for the cliffs; but he found himself on the brae with the sea stretching out dim and patient, and the dawn stirring in the east.

He was early enough; but a woman's figure stood out on the Ness, and when he had gotten near he saw it was Kirsty.

"Weel, Kirsty," said he, "I'm doubting David wull no come a-maying the noo."

Kirsty made him no answer, making as gin she didna see him.

"Ay, Kirsty," said Geordie, climbing up beside her; "his auld banes wull no take weel wi' pulling primroses."

"And wha are you, mocking the lichtsome day wi' siccan havers?" said Kirsty, glowering on him. "Maybe I'm winnin' out to wash my face in May dew wi' a' the ither lasses."

"Tosh, woman, you're weel-favourt eneuch wi'oot stooping to such-like airts. Na, na, Kirsty, it's seeking David that you are. Toots! a' the warld kens he is wantin' you."

"Aweel!" said Kirsty, very well pleased with the compliment; "I'm no to say Dawvid's no been speirin' at me this whilie. Na, na, I've no couse to fash mysel' huntin' the gowk on the cliffs."

"Then it's the sunrise you're for admirin'?" said Geordie very simple.

"Havers man! it's just Miss Isobel that was fain to leave her bed and win out to see the lassies mak fools o' the laddies. Eh, but she could see that ony hooer o' the day—she could that."

"Puir lassie, she's but young. When she's your age, Kirsty——"

"She'll no be fashed crackin' wi' a witless loon, I'll promise," said Kirsty very sharp. She had had a sight of David on the cliff-path, and was wishful to be rid of Geordie ere David won up.

"And where's the lassie?" Geordie asked.

"And where wad she be?" said Kirsty all in a flutter.

Well she kenned that David wouldna go a-maying that morn gin Geordie was to have his laugh at him. And just in the

moment Geordie cast his een down and spied David panting up the Ness, which was a stiff climb for a stout widdy-man with eight of a family.

"I'll no leave you, Kirsty, unless you tell me where Miss Isobel is," said Geordie. And he looked at her very straight.

"She's bedded," said Kirsty, sairly put about; "and I'll be obliged tae ye if you'll gang your ain gate the noo."

"Ou, ay, I'll wish ye a guid day, Kirsty; for here's David winning oot to tak tent o' the minister wha's in his bed snoring." With that Geordie walked on laughing; for indeed it was a treat to see a woman of Kirsty's years going a-maying like a young lassie.

But there! a woman may ken everything, and yet not ken when she is past youth. Kirsty had led David out that morning to settle with him; and she kept him a gey whilie on the cliffs, and flattered him into thinking he was a young man, till—what with the flattery, and needing his breakfast, and wearying for quiet—he lost his head and proposed marriage to her.

Eh! I'm thinking it will be a long day before the Skyrle lassies give the lads leave to cease the maying on the cliffs.

Well, Geordie walked on, seeing the young folk pairing off and setting themselves to pull the flowers; but he was not for joining them, and he dandered past Dorrant's Den where the primroses grow thickest, and crossed the loaning, and so reached Fyston Den. The doos were cooing, and saft light was round about the birks. All was fresh and young and green, and the braw morn touched the secret in his heart, and gave him a pain that was surely a pleasure, he took such a delight in it.

If he had thought to go a-maying he maun have had a sair heart when he was through the woods, for he hadna pulled a single flower, or had speech with a woman besides Kirsty. But, however, his face was fine and glad; and as he walked he telled himself how he wouldna have a fine leddy for wife, but would seek a lassie that he could train in simple, natural ways to be a mate for him.

"And," says he, "there's a deal of human nature in Barrie Allister, and she's a fine lassie, and orphaned. Maybe she would quit the mill and go to school for a year or two, till she's old enough to be wedded. A lassie like that wouldna set her will up against mine, gin she was early taught a wife's duty to her man. Eh, but I'm hoping Barrie will be willing to think aboot it."

By this time Geordie had reached the open road, and Skyrle lay spread out before him, with the mill chumleys rising tall and straight, and the Abbey in their midst, and the blue sea fringing all. It was a bonnie sight, and the picture pleased Geordie, for Skryle was the place where Barbara was to be trained to his liking. By-and-bye, he would wed her under the shadow of the mills; and when they had spent their lives together, in the home that was to be the wonder of the neighbours for its simple ways, they would rest together under the shadow of the gray old Abbey.

He was very well content by the time he went through the streets; and it seemed like a providence when just at the Abbey pend he came on Barbara with her hands full of primroses.

Her cheeks were red as roses, and her eyes sparkled when she saw how blate Geordie looked at the sight of her.

He was wearying to have speech with her, but he could mind of nothing to say; and he stood with his mouth open and his knees shaking till she had passed him by.

And when he saw her back his wits came to him again.

"Barrie," he cried to her, "Barrie, wull you na gie me a flooer?"

But she just flouted him, and ran on laughing. And Geordie hung his head, feeling a dowie heart within him as he walked through the pend.

"Na, na," he said to himself, "there's a posseebeelity o' gettin' ower muckle human nature in a lassie. I'll no be thinkin' o' marriage and——".

'Twas then he stopped. The saucy lass had turned and cast a bunch of primroses at him and they had smote him full on the cheek.

LIFE'S VOLUME.

REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D.

OPEN before my wondering eyes,
Great God, life's mystic volume lies;
I wait to see Thy hand define
The fadeless record of each line.

No leaf once closed may I retrace
To add a word, or word erase;
Nor may I guess the joy or gloom
Inscribed on pages yet to come.

The past in light I clearly count,
Judge their intent, tell their amount;
But hid in clouds I cannot see
The history yet awaiting me.

But knowing this, that, great or small,
My Father's hand will write it all,
I trust the future, and submit
To what is past—what's writ is writ.

But hear this prayer, O Power Divine!
Thou lift'st each leaf and writ'st each line,
That where my hands have left a stain
Christ's blood may make all pure again.

Where the last sentence hath its end,
In mercy, Maker, Father, Friend,
Write, for the sake of Thy dear Son,
"Servant of Jesus Christ, well done!"

A SINGER FROM THE SEA.*

A CORNISH STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of "The Preacher's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

Roland remained with his sister ten days, and thoroughly enjoyed the change of life. And indeed he found himself quite a little hero in St. Penfer. Miss Mohun met him with smiles; she asked sweetly after Mrs. Tresham and never once named the fifty pounds Roland had promised her. The landlady of the Black Lion made a great deal of him. She came herself of fisher-folk, and she was pleased that the young gentleman had treated her caste honourably. The landlord gave him cigars and wine, and all the old companions of his pleasures and necessities showed him that they approved his conduct.

One morning when Roland had been put into a very good humour by the public approval of his conduct, he saw John Penelles and Tris Penrose and two other fishers go into the Ship Inn together. They had lawyer Tremaine with them, and were doubtless met to complete the sale or purchase of some fishing-craft. Roland knew that it would be an affair to occupy two or three hours, and he suddenly resolved to go down the cliff and interview his mother-in-law. It would please Denasia, and he was himself in that reckless mood of self-complacency which delights in testing its influence.

Without further consideration he lit a fresh cigar and went down the familiar path. The door of the Penelles cottage was wide open, and he stood a moment looking into it. Joan sat with her back to the door. She was perfectly still. At her feet there was a pile of nets, and she was mending the broken meshes. When Roland tapped she let them fall and stood upright. She knew him at once. Her fine, rosy face turned gray as ashes. She folded her arms across her breast and stood looking at the intruder. For a moment they remained thus—the gay, handsome, fashionably-dressed young man smiling at the tall, grave woman in her print gown and white linen cap. Roland broke the silence.

"I am Roland Tresham," he said pleasantly.

"I do know you. What be you come for? Is Denas—where be my child? Oh, man, why don't you say the words, whatever they be?"

"I am sorry if I frightened you. I thought you might like to know that Denas was well and happy."

Then Joan went back to her nets and sat down without a word.

* Abridged from volume of same title. Price, $1.50. Toronto : William Briggs.

"I was in St. Penfer on business, and I thought you would like to know—might like to know—you see, I was here on business—"

He was growing every moment more uncomfortable and embarrassed, for Joan bent busily over her work and her back was to him.

"You see, I was here on business. I wanted to see my sister. I thought you would like to know about Denas."

She turned suddenly on him and asked: "Where be my child?"

"I left Denas in London."

"You be a coward. You be a tenfold coward. Why didn' you bring your wife home with you? Did Denas send me no letter—no word for myself—for my heart only? Speak then; I want my letter."

"I left in a hurry. She had no time to write."

"Aw, then, why did you come here without a word of comfort? You be cruel as well as cowardly. No word! No letter! No time! There then! take yourself away from my door. 'Twas a wisht cruel thought that brought you here. Aw, then, a thought out of your own heart. You be a bad man! dreadful! dreadful!"

"Come, my good woman, I wish to be kind."

"Good woman! Sure enough! but I have my husband's name, thank God, and there then! when you speak to me I be called by it—Joan Penelles. And Joan Penelles do wish you would turn your back on this house; she do that, for you do have a sight of ghastly mean old ways—more than either big or little devil means a young man to have. There then! Go afore John Penelles do find you here. For 'twill be a bad hour for you if he do—and so it will."

"I did not expect such a reception, Mrs. Penelles. I have dealt honourably with your daughter."

"You have made my daughter to sin. Aw, then, I will not talk about my daughter with you. No indeed!"

"Have you no message to send to Denas?"

"Denas do know her mother's heart and her father's heart, and when she do find it in her own heart to leave that sinful place—the the-a-tre—and dress herself like a decent wife and a good woman, and sing for God and not for the devil, and sing for love and not for money, aw, then, who will love her as quick and as warm as I will? But if you do want a message, tell her she have broken her good father's life in two; and that I do blame myself I ever gave her suck!"

Roland listened to these words with a scoffing air of great amusement; he looked steadily at Joan with a smile that was intolerable to her, then he raised his hat with an elaborate flourish and said:

"Good-morning, Mrs. Penelles."

No notice was taken of this salute, and he added with an offensive mirthfulness:

"Perhaps I ought to say, 'Good-morning, mother.'"

Then Joan leaped to her feet as if she had been struck in the face. She kicked the nets from her and strode to the open door in a flaming passion.

"Aw, then!" she cried, "not your mother, thank God! Not your mother, or you'd be in the boats making your awn living. You! you cruel, cowardly, lazy, lounging, bad lot! Living on my little girl, you be! You vampire! Living on her body and soul."

"Madam, where is Mr. Penelles?"

"Aw, to be sure. Well you knew he wasn' here, or you would never have put foot this road. And no madam I be, but honest Joan Penelles. Go! The Pender men are near by. Go!—and the Trefy men, and Jack Penhelick, and Reuben Trewillow. Go! —they are close by, I tell you. Go!—if I call they'll come. Go! —or they will know the reason why!"

Then, still smiling and knocking the end of his cigar against the end of his cane, Roland leisurely took the road to the cliff. But Joan, in her passionate sense of intolerable wrong, flung up her arms toward heaven, and with tears and sobs her cry went up:

"O my God! Look down and see what sin this Roland Tresham be doing!"

CHAPTER XI.—FATHERLY AND MOTHERLY.

"Like as a father pitieth his children."

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."—*Coleridge.*

Ten days of the methodical serenity of Burrell Court wearied Roland, and with money in his pocket the thought of London was again a temptation. When he turned his back upon Burrell Court, Elizabeth faded from his thoughts and affections. He had written to Denasia as soon as Elizabeth promised him the money he needed; for he believed when Denasia was free from care she would speedily recover her health and strength. He pleased himself all the way home with the anticipation of his wife's smiles and welcome, and he was a little frightened not to see her face at the window the moment his cab arrived. He expected her to be watching; he was sure, if she were able, she would not have disappointed him. He had a latch-key in his pocket, and he opened the door and went rapidly to the room they occupied. It was empty; it was cleaned and renovated and evidently waiting for a new tenant.

Full of trouble and amazement, he was going to seek his landlady, when she appeared. She was as severely polite as people who have got the last penny they hope to get of one can be. Mrs. Tresham had gone to the sea-side. She had left five days ago—gone to Broadstairs. The address was in the letter which she gave him. Greatly to Roland's relief she said nothing about money, and he certainly had no wish to introduce the subject.

But he was amazed beyond measure. Where had Denasia got money? How had she got it? Why had she said nothing to him? He had had a letter two days before, and he took it out of his pocket and re-read it. There was no allusion to the change,

but he saw that the post-mark showed it to have been mailed on the way to the Chatham and Dover Railway. However, he was not anxious enough to pursue his journey that night. He went to a hotel, had a good dinner, slept off his fatigue, and started for Broadstairs at a comfortable hour in the morning.

Nothing like jealousy troubled him. He had no more fear of Denasia's honour and loyalty than he had of the sun rising; and with a hundred pounds in his pocket curiosity was a feeble feeling. "Some way all is right, and when a thing is right there is no need to worry about it." This was his ultimate reflection, and he slept comfortably upon it.

Broadstairs was a new place, and to Roland novelty of any kind had a charm. A fine morning, a good cigar, a change of scene, and Denasia at the end, what more was necessary to a pleasant trip? His first disillusion was the house to which he was directed. It was but a cottage, and in some peculiar way Roland had persuaded himself that Denasia had not only got money, but also a large sum. The cottage in which he found her did not confirm his anticipations. And in the small parlour Denasia was taking a dancing lesson. An elderly lady was playing the violin and directing her steps. Of course the lesson ceased at Roland's entrance; there was so much else to be talked over.

"Why did you come to this out-of-the-way place?" asked Roland with a slight tone of disapprobation.

"Because both my singing and dancing teachers were here for the summer months, and I longed for the salt air. I felt that it was the only medicine that would restore me. You see I am nearly well already."

"But the money, Denasia? Do you know that old harpy in London never named money. Is she paid?"

"Why do you say harpy? She only wanted what we really owed her. And she was good and patient when I was ill. Yes, I paid her nine pounds."

"I have one hundred pounds, Denasia."

"You wrote and told me so."

"Elizabeth gave it to me; and I must say she gave it very kindly and pleasantly."

"Of course Elizabeth gave you it. Why not? Is there any merit in her doing a kindness to her own brother pleasantly? How else should she do it?"

"It was given as much for you as for me."

"Decidedly not. If Elizabeth has the most ordinary amount of sense, she knows well I would not touch a farthing of her money; no, I would not if I was dying of hunger."

"That is absurd, Denasia."

"Call it what you will. I hate Elizabeth and Elizabeth hates me, and I will not touch her money or anything that is bought with it. For you it is different. Elizabeth loves you. She is rich, and if she desires to give you money I see no reason why you should refuse it—that is, if you see none."

"And pray what are you going to do?"

"Have I suffered in your absence? You left me sick, nervous, without a shilling. I have made for myself a good engagement and received fifty pounds in advance."

"A good engagement! Where? With whom?"

"I am learning to sing a part in 'Pinafore.' I am engaged at the Olympic."

"Denasia!"

She flushed proudly at his amazement, and when he took her in his arms and kissed her, she permitted him to see that her eyes were full of happy tears.

"Yes," she resumed in softer tones, "I went to see Colonel Moss, and he was delighted with my voice. Mr. Harrison says I learn with extraordinary rapidity and have quite wonderful dramatic talent, and madame has almost as much praise for my dancing. I had to pay some bills out of the fifty pounds; but I am sure I can live upon the balance and pay for my lessons until September. As soon as I am strong enough to look after my costumes, my manager will advance money for them."

"Do you mean that you are to have fifty pounds a week?"

"I am to have thirty pounds a week. That is very good pay, indeed, for a novice."

"For six nights and a matinée? You ought to have had far more; it is not five pounds a performance. You ought to have ten pounds. I must see about this arrangement. Moss has taken advantage of you."

"I have given my promise, Roland, and I intend to keep it. You must not interfere in this matter."

"Oh, but I must!"

"It will be useless. I shall stand to my own arrangement."

"It is a very poor one."

"It is better than any you ever made for me."

"Of course! I had all the preparatory work to do, getting you known—getting a hearing for you, in fact. Now the harvest is ripe, it is easy enough to get offers. You had better let me have a talk with Moss."

"I have signed all the necessary papers. I have accepted fifty pounds in advance. I will not—no—I will not break a letter of my promise for anyone."

"Then I shall have nothing to do with the affair. It is a swindle on Moss' part."

"No, it is not. He made me a fair offer; I, of my own free will and judgment, accepted it."

"Thirty pounds a week! What is that for a first-class part?"

"It is a good salary. I can pay my expenses and buy my wardrobe out of it. You have Elizabeth's money. When it is done she will probably give you more. She ought to, as you preferred trusting to her." But though the words were laughingly said, they sprang from a root of bitterness.

In fact, Roland quickly discovered that those ten days he had so idly passed at Burrell Court with his sister had been ten days of amazing growth in every direction to Denasia. She had wept

when Roland so suddenly left her; wept at his want of faith in her, at his want of care for her, at his indifference to her weakness and poverty. But to sit still and cry was not the way of her class. She had been accustomed to reflect, when trouble came, whether it could be helped or could not be helped. If the former, then it was "up and about it;" if the latter, tears were useless, and to make the best of the irrevocable was the way of wisdom.

In an hour she had conquered the physical weakness which spoke by weeping. A suspicion of cruelty gave her the salutary stimulus of a lash; she sat upright and began to plan. The next day she went out, sold a bracelet, hired a cab, and went from one manager to another until she succeeded. Brought face to face with the question of work and wage, all the shrewd calculating instincts of a race of women accustomed to chaffer and bargain awoke within her. She sold her wares to good advantage, and she knew she had done so. Then a long-nascent distrust of Roland's business tact and ability sprang suddenly to vigorous life. She realized in a moment all the financial mistakes of the past winter. She resolved not to have them repeated.

The sea air soon restored all her vigor and her beauty. She gave herself to study and practice with an industry often irritating to Roland. It reproached his own idleness and it deprived him of her company. He did indeed rehearse his characters, and in a stealthy way he endeavoured to find a better engagement for Denasia. He was sure that if he were successful he would have no difficulty in inducing, or if necessary compelling, his wife to accept it. He could as easily have made Queen Victoria accept it. For with the inherited shrewdness of her class she had also their integrity. She would have kept any engagement she made even if it had ruined her.

The winter was a profitable one, though not as happy as Denasia had hoped it would be. They had no debts and were able to indulge in many luxuries, and yet Roland was irritable, gloomy, and full of unpleasant reminiscences and comparisons. He thought it outrageous for Moss to refuse the payment of his wife's salary to him. And Denasia had a disagreeable habit of leaving a large portion of her income with the treasurer of the company, and then sending her costumer and other creditors to the theatre for payment. Indeed, she was developing an independence in money matters that was extremely annoying to Roland. He felt that his applications to Elizabeth were perpetual offences to Denasia, and if he had been a thoughtful man he would have understood that this separation of their interests in financial matters was the precursor of a much wider and more dangerous one.

In truth, Denasia longed for her own people. She felt heart-sick for a word from them. In some moment of confidence or ill-temper, Roland had given his wife his own version of the visit to his mother-in-law. And whatever else he remembered or forgot, he was clear and positive about Joan's message to her daughter. She had broken her good father's life in two and her mother was sorry she had ever given her suck. Denasia knew her mother's

passionate nature, and she could understand that some powerful aggravation had made her speak so strongly, but the words, after all allowances, were terrible words. They haunted her in the midst of her professional excitements, and still more in the solitude of her frequently restless nights.

But every day the day's work is to face, and Denasia's days were fully occupied by their obvious duties. Roland with his discontent and abiding sense of wrong, threw a perpetual shadow over life. A man may be jealous of the praise given to his own wife, and there were times when Roland could not understand Denasia's success and his own failure—bitter hours in which the poor girl felt that whether she pleased her audience or did not please them, her husband was sure to be offended and angry.

She was almost glad when, at the close of the season, the company disbanded and she was at liberty to retire. She had saved money and had resolved to resume her studies. There was at least nothing in that to irritate her husband, and she had a strong desire to improve her talent in every direction. One evening Roland entered their sitting-room in that hurry of hope and satisfaction once common enough to him, but of which he had shown little during the past winter. Denasia looked up from her writing with a smile, to meet his smile.

"Denasia," he cried impulsively, "what do you think? We are going to America! The United States is the place for me. How soon can you be ready?"

"But, Roland? What?"

"It is true, dear. Whom are you writing to?"

"I was writing to Mr. Harrison and to madame. I want to know if they are going to Broadstairs this summer, for where they go I wish to go also; that is, if they can give me lessons."

"A waste of money, Denasia. I have had a long talk with some of the men who are here with the American company. Splendid fellows! They tell me that my Shakespearian ideas will set New York agog. That is the country for us! New York first of all, then Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, San Francisco, New Orleans—oh, hundreds of cities! And money, my dear! Money for the picking up—that is, for the singing for."

"I do not believe a word of it, Roland. It is all talk. I am going to Broadstairs to spend the summer in study."

Roland looked a moment at the resolute woman who had resumed her writing, and he wondered how this Denasia had sprung from the sweetly obedient little maid he had once manipulated to his will with a look or a word. So he set himself to win what it was evident he could not command, and, Denasia's womanly instincts being stronger than her artistic instincts, the husband conquered. When a man finds all other arguments fail with a woman, he has only to throw himself upon her unselfishness. Roland's enthusiasms were undoubtedly partly contagious. Even Denasia, who had so often been deceived, was partly under their influence. She also suffered the idea of America to fascinate her. Yet the heart is difficult to deceive, and Denasia's heart warned her morning, noon, and night.

About a week before the voyage, Roland said one night: "I think now, Denasia, that we have everything packed, I shall run down to St. Penfer and see my sister. I may never come back from America. Indeed, I do not think I shall ever want to come back, and I really ought to bid Elizabeth good-bye. She will doubtless also remember me in money matters, and in a strange country money is always a good friend. Is it not, dear? What do you think, Denasia?"

"I have been thinking a great deal of St. Penfer. My heart is like to break when I think of it. I do want to see my father and mother so much."

"You would only get a heart-break, my love. They would have no end of reproaches for you. I shall never forget your mother. Her temper was awful!"

"You must have said something awful to aggravate her, Roland. Mother has a quick temper, but it is also noble and generous. I do want to see her. I must see her once more. Let us go together."

"To St. Penfer? What a foolish idea! You would only give yourself a wretched memory to carry through your whole life."

"Never mind! I want to go to St. Penfer."

"How can you? I cannot take you to Burrell Court, Denasia."

"I would not put my foot inside Burrell Court."

"Then if I went there and you to your father's house, that would look very bad. People would say all kinds of wicked things."

"We could stop together at the Black Lion. From there you could call upon Elizabeth. From there I could go to my father and mother. Even if they should be cruel to me, I want to see them. I want to see them. If father should strike me—well, I deserve it. I will kiss his hand for the blow! That is how I feel, Roland."

"I shall not permit my wife to go to any place where she expects to be struck. That is how I feel, Denasia."

"You are ashamed to take me to St. Penfer as your wife. And yet you owe me this reparation."

"There is no use discussing such a foolish statement. I do not think I owe you anything, Denasia. I have given you my name; at this very moment I am considering your welfare. You know that money is necessary, and as much of it as we can get; but Elizabeth will give me nothing if you are tagging after me."

"If you are going begging, Roland, that alters the question. I have no desire to 'tag' after you on that errand. As for Elizabeth, I hate her."

"Why should you hate her? She was always good to you."

"Good! Do not name the woman. If you want to go to her, go. I hope you will carry her nothing but sorrow and ill-luck. I do! I do! I hate her as the sailor hates the sunken reef. I have not asked myself why. I only know I have plenty of reason."

"Do not be so excessive, Denasia. I shall leave for the West to-night. Would you like me to see your father? Your mother I decline to see."

"Leave my father alone. You would not dare to go near him. If you do I will never speak to you again—never!"

Roland laughed lightly at her passion and answered with a provoking pleasantry: "You feel too, too, too furiously, Denasia. It is not lady-like. Your emotions will wear away your beauty."

So Roland went by the night train to St. Penfer, and Denasia took the train after his for the same place. She was determined to see her parents once more, and all their habits were so familiar to her that she had no fear of accomplishing her desire unknown to them. She timed her movements so well that she arrived at a small wayside station near St. Penfer about dusk. No one noticed her, and she sped swiftly across the cliff-path, until it touched the path leading downward to her own home.

The little village was quite still. The children had gone to bed. The men were at sea. The women were doing their last daily duties. Denasia kept well in the shadow of the trees till she was opposite her home. A few steps across the shingle would bring her to the door. She tried to remember what her mother might be doing just at that hour, and while thus employed Joan came to the door, stood a moment on the threshold, and then went slowly to the next cottage. She had her knitting in her hand, and she was likely going to sit an hour with Ann Trewillow.

Swiftly, then, Denasia crossed the shingle. She was at the door of her home. It stood wide open. She entered and looked around. Nothing was changed; the same order and spotless cleanliness, the same atmosphere of love and peace and of life holy and simple. She was exceedingly weary. A strong, sweet curiosity tempted her to enter her own room, and its air of visible welcome made her smile and weep. It was then impossible to resist the desire that filled her heart; she shut the door, she unclothed herself, and once more lay down in her own home to sleep.

"It is hardly likely mother comes into this room more than once a week. She will not, at any rate, come into it to-night. I shall hear her return and go to bed. When she is asleep I will look once more—once more on her dear face. Father will be home in the dawning. I will watch for his coming. If he goes to bed at once I may get away before any person sees me. If he sits and talks to mother, I may hear something that will give me courage to say, 'I am here! Forgive me!' I must trust to luck—no, no, to God's pity for me!"

Thinking thus, she lay in weary abandon on her childhood's bed. The deep undertone of the ocean soothed her like a familiar, unforgotten lullaby. In a few minutes she had fallen into a deep, dreamless sleep.

She was asleep when her mother returned. Joan was thinking of Denas, and the girl seemed to grow into the air beside her; she felt that if she whispered "Denas" she might hear the beloved voice answer "Mother." She lifted a candle and went to the door of her daughter's room. She opened the door slowly, and the rush candle showed her clothing scattered about the room. Her heart stood still; she was breathless; she put down her light

and on tiptoes went to the bedside. Denas was fast asleep. Her long hair lay loose upon the pillow, her face was pale and faintly smiling, her hands open and at rest upon the coverlet. Joan knelt down at her child's side and filled her empty eyes with the fair picture and her empty heart with the hopes it inspired.

Still Denas slept. Then Joan went into the outer room and sat down to wait for John. At dawn he came on with his mates, and he smiled when he saw her waiting. She made an imperative motion of silence, put her hand in his and led him to their girl's bedside. Without a word both stood looking at her. The dawn showed every change in her young face, and the pathos of hidden suffering was revealed unconsciously as she slept.

There is some wonderful magnet in the human eye; no sleeper can long resist its influence. As John and Joan gazed steadily on their sleeping daughter she became restless, a faint flush flew to her cheeks, she moved her hands. Joan slipped down on her knees; when the girl opened her eyes she was ready to fold her in her arms. John stood upright, and it was his wide open, longing gaze which brought Denasia's soul back to her. She gazed back silently into her father's face for a moment and then murmured:

"Father! forgive me! Oh, mother! mother!"

They forgave her with tears of joy. They put her fault out of words and out of memory. For once John locked his door and did not call his neighbours to share his gladness. He speedily understood the shortness and secrecy of her visit. After all, it was but a farewell. The joy was dashed with tears. The hope quickly faded away.

They did not try to turn her from the way she had promised to go. John said only, "The Lord go with you, Denas," and Joan wept at the thought of the land so far, far off. But they divined that their child had her own sorrows, that the lot of woman had found her out, that she had come to places where their love could not help her. Yet the visit, short and unsatisfactory as it was, made a great difference in the Penelles' cottage. It lifted much anxiety. It gave the father and mother hopes which they took to God to perfect, excuses which they pleaded with him to accept. Their confidence in their child was strengthened; they could pray for her now with a more sure hope, with a more perfect faith.

When the gloaming came on thick with Cornish fog Joan kissed her darling good-bye with passionate love and grief, and John walked with his "little dear" through the dripping woods to the wayside station, and lifted her into the carriage with a great sob. None of the three could have borne such another day, but oh, how glad was each one that they had dared, and enjoyed, and suffered through this one! It left a mark on each soul that eternity would not efface.

He that wants money, means, and content,
Is without three good friends.

THE DRAGON AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XI.—THE END OF LONG LEASES.

It was a lovely late April day when once more we turned west from the "Elephant and Castle," intending to stop for a few moments at the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle," trusting that a friendly face and word might do something toward lightening the burden that heavily rested on poor Miss Chip's heart. Miss Chip had hoped that her personal encounters with the drink demon were ended. Her whole family had been destroyed; her little place of graves was well-nigh full. But once more the desolate woman had set her heart on one of the hereditary victims of alcohol, and once more she was doomed to suffer.

The case of Fanny was very different. The girl's feelings were less deep; her softer nature took far less firm hold on any object of affection. Her feelings for Bobby Goldspray had been the transient growth of some short weeks, cultivated by a few fond flatteries, merry words, little gifts, and attentions. She had found herself mistaken in the Golden Daisy, and had very wisely given him up. Partly from kindness to himself and partly through strong sympathy for Miss Chip, Fanny was grieved now by Goldspray's desperate state, for he had suddenly run riot and fallen into almost daily drunkenness. But sorrow for Bobby was lightened to Fanny by a growing interest in Policeman Rogers. Rogers was now lonely and homeless; the care of so young a child as Charlie was heavy upon him; he relegated this care to Fanny, and so grew up the thought that Fanny could come into his deserted home, and by her cheerful presence make it once more a real home, and no longer mournful. Rogers, like little Charlie, had brightened and expanded under the influence of Fanny's artless cheerfulness.

So, day after day, Rogers and Fanny drew nearer together. Goldspray glowered, and readily took this as a reason for his own excesses. He said he was desperate, when really his trouble was the revival of an early and constant appetite, that, having been held in check for a little season, once more burst its bounds, like a river in time of flood.

Miss Chip was too just to condemn Fanny, or to blame Mr. Rogers. She felt that Fanny would be a blessing to Rogers and his child; she wished them well, but she wondered in her fond, foolish heart, how Fanny could have been deaf to the entreaties and promises of Mr. Goldspray.

Mr. Cook said he had always wished Fanny well, and he was truly glad to foresee a marriage between her and Rogers.

On this April day, as we went west from the "Elephant and Castle," we were musing how out of harmony man was with nature. Here were all these human sorrows, jealousies, envies, revenges,

despairs, crimes, and around them the balm and beauty of the spring; that April flood of flowers that, rising in the country, flows in as a high tide over all the London streets, and brings to the dingy city the splendour and promise of the garden and wildwood. Lifting our eyes presently, we saw Whaling's baleful gin-palace, dominating all the neighbourhood where it stood, dwarfing and shadowing the lesser buildings about, as its merchandise dwarfed and shadowed so many lives. Afar off we saw Whaling come to his door, and take a long look toward the "Dragon and the Tea-Kettle." The words from Romans came to our lips, "And thinkest thou, O man, that doest the same, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God? Or despisest thou the riches of His goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? But, after thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up to thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God, who will render unto every man according to his deeds."

Thinking thus, we had come a little nearer to the gin-palace, when Whaling suddenly stepped back into his trap, and in a moment reappeared, dragging a limp, human figure.

Whaling was a huge, round-shouldered, big-fisted, red-faced man; he held now by the coat-collar the slim, nerveless Golden Daisy. Goldspray was hatless; his blue coat, with its gilt buttons, was tarnished, his shirt bosom and collar damp and dirty, his usually well-brushed shoes were muddy, his hair was no longer shining with pomade, his face was white, there was no speculation in his wontedly keen, restless eyes,—he was a miserable, faded, withered daisy indeed, twice dead and plucked up by the roots. This wretched wreck did Whaling whirl along out of his glittering bar, as one brings forth a dried and ruined bouquet, and just as one serves the withered flowers did the monster gin-seller serve poor Bobby—he swung him around, and tossed him into the gutter, looking up and down the street for a policeman, to come and pick him up, as one looks up and down for a scavenger to come and carry off garbage. Then he retreated to his door-sill, put his outspread palms on his hips, and stood with a leer, watching the Temperance Eating-house.

Miss Chip was no woman to shirk her responsibilities. She was also no stranger to grief. Lifelong she had sat at the same table with sorrow, she had shared her cup—here was but one welling draught more in that often-tasted bitter bowl. She came out of her eating-room now with a swift step, looked Whaling full in the face, said one word,

"The Lord rebuke thee!"

Then she stooped down, gathered Goldspray up, and half dragged, half carried him into shelter.

For me, I shrank out of sight behind a convenient greengrocer's stall. There are some troubles and some natures that had best have their fight out alone.

Then we turned down another street, and went home; there was an old refrain ringing in our soul:

"These things hast thou done, and I kept silence: thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself, but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes. Now, consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces when there is none to deliver."

It was only a few days after this that Fanny presented herself at our lodgings, near Russell Square. Fanny was smiling, and rosy; we saw that she had not come on any melancholy errand. And Miss Chip sent her?

No, madam; Miss Chip had not sent her.

Well, then, speak out, Fanny, it is your own errand; unfold it.

Fanny thought our geraniums and fuchsias needed dressing. She took a pair of scissors, and began to snip off dead leaves and faded blooms, getting herself well under the shelter of the lace window-curtains, our cockney landlady's pride.

From that frail protection came Fanny's voice. Mr. Rogers had asked her to marry him. Fanny took care to say that it was not Mr. Rogers' nature to be in undue haste. Mr. Rogers had not forgotten poor Nannie. Ah, no. Neither he nor Fanny meant ever to forget poor Nannie. How could they, indeed, when there was little Charlie? Fanny threw in as a parenthesis that she loved Charlie with all her heart. But Mr. Rogers was a lone man, with a child on his hands. The "Dragon and Tea-Kettle" was too far from his beat. The decent people who had rented his rooms were going away to America. Mr. Rogers did not wish to rent again.

Here Fanny became so confused and incoherently explanatory, that I went to her rescue, and told her I was glad she meant to marry Rogers; it was quite right; the sooner the better, and I hoped she would make him a good wife.

As Fanny remained dumb with either joy or confusion, I asked her what was it she had come to request.

She finally responded, that if she might be so bold, would I, when I was passing the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle," be so very benevolent as to step in, and tell Miss Chip—break the ice as it were—and make sure that she would not be displeased.

Yes, I would do that, and on the whole I thought Miss Chip would be pleased. What else was it that Fanny wanted, and had not courage to speak out?

Well, Fanny was truly ashamed to make so bold. But, I had been so kind to her, and she had no friends, only Miss Chip—and —and, then with a burst, she did not want to shame Rogers—she wanted to look as was proper, but not at all foolish. She had saved six pounds; she had her Sunday suit, and her two working suits—and—and—would I set down just on a bit of paper, what she should get with her six pounds, that her wardrobe should be neat and proper, and as madam thought right.

"Let Miss Chip do that, Fanny; she will enjoy doing it, and going with you to buy your things. She has judgment, and

knows Rogers well. She is fond of you. This reliance on her will be a comfort to her. Possibly you and yours may soon be all her tie in this world. Just go to her as to a mother. Comfort her wounded heart, by taking her for a mother. On the whole, go home to-day, and tell all this to Miss Chip yourself. To-morrow we will step in, and see how it has gone with you."

Fanny presently agreed to this view, and seemed relieved by it. We added a pound to her small store, and sent her off smiling and happy.

But first we had asked—

"And how is Mr. Goldspray now?"

Fanny's face fell. She had true kindness for Goldspray—more for Miss Chip.

Mr. Goldspray had been real sick—had kept his bed; was thin and pale, and could not eat; he seemed running down into a low fever. Miss Chip was wishing to send him into the country for his health, only she couldn't find any place where there were not "so many temptations."

Fanny added, that it seemed wrong and cruel to go to Miss Chip with her own little affairs, when that staunch soul was in so much trouble about Mr. Goldspray.

On the contrary, we assured Fanny it might be comforting and helpful to Miss Chip, as giving her thoughts a fresh and less painful channel.

Fanny presently set off for her Surrey-side home, and the next day we thought we would call on Miss Chip, to see how the little history of the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle" was conducting itself.

It was between five and six when we reached Miss Chip's. The penny table was full, most of the juvenile customers getting a breakfast about nine o'clock, when their morning papers had been sold, or the early shoe-blacking had been done, and then having no other meal until this hour, when they took a "dinner-supper." A few adults were eating at the small tables, and a party of country people, in for a day's sight-seeing, were very merry in the red-curtained stalls, where they were eating of the best that the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle" afforded. Miss Chip was at her desk, and we found at once that she had been pleased with Fanny's confidence, and was taking an interest in the marriage.

"It is to be in a month," she said, "and I will say that the girl is doing well. There's no better man than Rogers, and though Fanny is very young, she will make a good wife, and be very kind to Charlie. She is a very sensible girl. It did hurt me that Goldspray should get so fond of her all at once, and forget all I'd done and cared for him, poor lad—but it was natural; he is young, and I am old. I seem older than I am, too. It hurt me again, to see her give him up so readily. But there! I don't wonder—young folks can't have patience like older and tried ones, and I know well enough she could hardly make a worse match than my poor Bobby. I must do the best I can for him myself; but it is hard work, in a world so full of temptations.

He is very miserable. I see he is breaking down fast. I've been thinking of a visit to the country for him—but I cannot leave here, and the country will do him no good if drink is plenty, and I don't know a place where there is not a tap-room."

A little further conversation developed the fact that Miss Chip had investigated many plans for securing Bobby, and found none satisfactory. She had thought of a hospital where drink should be forbidden, but, sending for a doctor, he had assured her that Goldspray was no case for a hospital. "He was only weakly, and run down, needed toning up a little, a glass of brandy, mornings; port wine with Peruvian bark in it, a little spiced gin at bedtime—these might fetch him round." Miss Chip had written to one little asylum for inebriates, but it was full. She knew of another, but Goldspray vowed "he wouldn't go, if he could; he'd die first." For him, as for poor Nannie, there seemed no place of refuge but the grave; yet there was this difference between them: Goldspray did not desire to give up liquor, while Nannie did so desire, and fought bravely till physical conditions betrayed her reason.

While we were talking about Mr. Goldspray's hopeless case, I saw through the open door Whaling's idiotic son came out of the gin-palace, giggling, whistling, spinning round on his toes, and evidently in high glee.

"There!" said Miss Chip, "I do believe they have let that boy have liquor again, spite of all his father was told by the doctors. I don't know whether Whaling don't believe the doctor, or whether he thinks the boy a burden, and had as soon let him kill himself; or whether, with the stuff about so, he cannot keep him from it. I don't want to judge people. All I know is, he gets whisky almost every day, and it makes him wild and tricky. Lately he drowned a cat in a keg of liquor; of course Whaling took her out and sold the liquor; yesterday he was dancing a jig on the walk with a red mug on one fist, and a blue one on the other. Now see him."

Sure enough he was on his knees trying to peer through a grating into the gin-palace cellar; he seemed deeply interested, rose, slapped his thighs, and finally, retreating to the door of the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle," eyed with expectation the gorgeousness of his father's "first-class establishment."

As we were intending to leave London immediately for the Continent, my talk with Miss Chip extended through some fifteen minutes longer, and I was just saying "good-bye," when a shout in the street drew my attention. I looked out, and saw a volume of smoke rolling from Whaling's, as if it burst up from the cellar, and spread at once through the entire lower storey. Immediately all the habitués of the gin-palace rushed into the street, Mr. and Mrs. Whaling and three potboys and three barmaids in the crowd, and simultaneously arose the shout of "fire," and was echoed through the neighbourhood. The *gamins* of the penny table leaped up at this their favourite tocsin, and flew to the sidewalk.

Never have I seen presence of mind more fully displayed than at that crisis by Miss Chip. She sprang to the door, closed it, stood against it, and cried to the people yet within the room, "Help me save my house! If the gin-palace goes I'm in danger. Take up water, blankets, and rugs, to my roof, and the roofs on each side."

Rogers was one of those present. He caught Miss Chip's idea at once, and organized the defence immediately. In three minutes Miss Chip's old pointed shingle-roof was covered with people, who extended themselves along the houses adjacent on either side, and the maids and old Grow carried up numerous buckets of water, with which the wood was thoroughly wet, while wet blankets and carpets lay ready for use if the high opposite building burst into flames.

As Rogers, whose turn was then off his beat, saw to the protection above, Miss Chip defended her property below. The street was immediately so thronged that we could not venture into it, so taking charge of little Charlie Rogers, that Fanny might carry water, we stood looking at the scene of excitement. Whaling was in no need of helpers—indeed in numbers they were hinderers. The fire-alarm sounded, policemen rushed up, crowds streamed from every house, and street, and alley, and pouring into Whaling's, began to bring forth his wares.

Whaling himself roared about his stock. Mrs. Whaling shrieked high about the dazzling furniture of her upper rooms.

"Where is that miserable boy?" said Miss Chip. "I must get him in here, he will be killed in the uproar." But Whaling's boy had already disappeared in the crowd, which he had no doubt drawn together.

Some of Whaling's broadly-scattered curses now began to come home. Those two dismal, hideous back rooms, that looked like, and indeed were nothing else than, the yawning mouth of hell, gave out their doomed and desperate wretches to prey upon their destroyer. Into the bar-room surged the ragged, leering, bloated crew, and tore down whatever booty their hands could find; with decorations, liquor, glasses, they loaded themselves, and some even hurried up with the crowd that panted on the staircase, to dismantle Mrs. Whaling's apartments, and came down, freighted with that unhappy woman's voluminous silk gowns and other treasures. These ill-omened "helpers" slipped back through din and smoke, into the dens from whence they came, and were lost in the anarchy that followed. Officious hands soon heaped the opposite walk with tables, chairs, beds, curtains, broken glasses, ruined ornaments, bottles, jugs, jars, kegs, barrels These last no sooner appeared, than in spite of the shouts, blows, and orders of the police, they were broken into and drunk from. The engines and hose-carts came crashing up; out of the door rolled waves of smoke, crested with lurid fringes of flame, and underneath there crashed upon the walk, barrels of liquor, hurled out by eager hands, and out came, strangling and swearing, the men who thus assisted in saving goods, and anon, fearful detonations

told when other barrels of gin, inside, exploded, and far and wide added fuel to the flame. It was useless to try and save the gin-palace, but the firemen did magnificent work in protecting the neighbourhood. As I still watched the swift process of disaster, I saw in the crowd on the walk Mr. Goldspray, who had left his room, got out by a rear door, and come round to the tumult in the front. Just as I remarked his haggard face and attenuated form, he reached from a pile of débris a pint bottle, and strove to draw the cork. Miss Chip saw him at the same time. He had turned his back on the "Dragon," and already had the flask of gin at his lips, when Miss Chip had her arm around his shoulders, took the bottle from his hand, and tried to pull him toward safety.

He broke from her, seized another bottle, and would no doubt have emptied it, had he not miscalculated his own failing strength. He was really a very sick man, for the exertion he had made overcame him, he reeled, and fell against a woman standing near. This woman helped Miss Chip to carry him into the eating-house and place him on the long bench of the penny table.

While the door stood open for them, Mr. Cook came in, carrying Whaling's boy, and laid him on the floor. The boy's hair was all burned off, and he was senseless from a blow received from a bit of falling wood.

Miss Chip divided her cares between the two.

In an hour the roof of the gin-palace fell.

We made our way by the rear of the eating-house and an alley-way, to a safe and quiet street, and so home.

Next day we returned, to inquire how matters had gone. We learned that Whaling's boy had been carried to a hospital, and, if he lived, would no doubt go to an insane asylum. Mr. Goldspray was ill in his bed. Whaling had haunted the ruins of his house all night, crying out that he was ruined.

The gin-palace was nothing but a heap of blackened bricks and ashes. There were whispers of some flaw in the insurances.

The Lord had broken the Long Lease.

That year we spent the summer in Holland and Switzerland, and it was November before we returned to London. A few days after we had settled ourselves in our lodgings, near the British Museum, we took advantage of a bright afternoon, to cross into Surrey, and seek once more the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle." The street where the rival establishments, the gin-palace and the coffee-house, had faced each other, was not crowded, and we saw, some distance before us, a woman and a child coming toward us. The woman was young, very neatly but plainly dressed, and was absorbed in looking down at the child, who, quite gaily apparelled, swung by her hand in high frolic. We were but a few paces from the pair, when we discovered them to be Fanny and little Charlie. But Fanny had grown so plump, so rosy, so matronly-looking, in these seven or eight months of being house-mistress,

and mother to Charlie, that we should have hardly known her. She suddenly looked up, with a cry of delight.

"Oh, madam! Is it you? Oh, how glad we shall all be!"

"I hardly knew you, Fanny; you look so well, so staid, and so happy."

"Ah, yes, madam, I am all that. Oh, and you meet me here, and it is November! Do you remember, madam, it was two years ago this month you met me, homeless and friendless. I was then right before Whaling's gin-palace, and you said, 'Don't go in there, Fanny,' and 'Because who enters there is almost sure to miss the door of Heaven.' Oh, ma'am, I often think how near I was that night to missing all good, and finding all evil!"

"The Lord had your mother's prayers to answer, Fanny," I said; then looking over the street, I saw the yet blackened and ruined walls of Whaling's gin-palace, just as the fire had left them, only for a barricade built by the police, to keep foot-passengers from falling into the yawning cellars.

"I see no effort to rebuild there, Fanny; how is that?"

"I don't quite know," replied Fanny, "only Rogers said it was that Whaling had neglected by a day or two to get the insurance renewed, so the stock was not covered, nor the building either, and it was in the lease that he was to keep up the insurances, and he had let the time slip by, and he was put in prison for it, but is out on bail, being ruined of all he has. He is barkeeper for someone, and his wife is a barwoman; they are very poor. The children are home from their fine school, and the crazy boy that set the place on fire is in an asylum. The property was owned by some child—it's in chancery, Rogers says, and how long it will lie this way no one knows."

"And you are very happy in your married life, Fanny?"

"Oh, yes, madam, thank you. I am very happy, and Rogers said he felt quite happy and satisfied. I remember, ma'am, that you said I was quite too young to marry, when it was poor Mr. Goldspray was spoken of; no one mentioned my being too young when it was a question of Rogers."

"The difference was, Fanny, that Rogers was a good, temperate, religious man, and we thought he was fit to be responsible for you. I see little Charlie thrives under your care."

"Indeed he does, ma'am, he's just the best, most biddable child. Don't he look nice? Rogers isn't fond of gay things, and I try to be quite plain and simple myself; but I must have a bit of gay plaid, and some ribbon, and a worked collar for Charlie. Do you know it seems to me his own poor mother can see and take notice of it."

"My poor mamma up ky!" said Charlie, who was listening.

"I taught him that," said Fanny proudly; "he calls me mamma too, but I shall never let him forget her."

"And how about Mr. Goldspray?"

Fanny's cheery face fell.

"Mr. Goldspray is very bad, ma'am—sick, I mean. He is not long for this world, I think. Miss Chip feels dreadful, but she

keeps all to herself. She'll be more than glad to see you, madam; I've just come from there."

I bade Fanny good-afternoon, and soon entered the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle."

The place looked just as it did of old—perhaps a little more stirring; tables a little more crowded; Miss Chip at her desk; the high-backed, big chair drawn close to the hearth as of yore, but now it was not a decrepit old woman who occupied it, but a wan, hectic, faded, large-eyed young man—the pitiful wreck of Mr. Goldspray.

Miss Chip hurried to greet us. Then she went to the fireside, laid her big, bony hand on the moist, dead-looking, yellow curls, and said, "Bobby, here's the American lady."

Bobby Goldspray looked round, tried to smile, coughed, and as we drew near him said, "You see, winter withers up daisies, madam. I'm about done for."

Miss Chip looked away, and her throat moved convulsively for a minute or so. Then she said in a calm voice, "I have been trying to get Mr. Goldspray to go to Ryde or somewhere to the south coast for a little. I think a few weeks where it is milder and out of London smoke would set him up, but he won't try it. I wish he would."

"No, I won't," said Goldspray, reaching out a thin hand and touching her arm wistfully. "Why should I try to live? I can't if I did try, and I live to no good; it's a cumbering of the ground, such as the missionary preached of here once."

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby!" cried Miss Chip, "don't; you could make it better; you have only to try."

"Trying never amounted to much with me," said Goldspray. "But it is too late now whether or no. Why should I let you worry and pinch yourself and hurt your business taking me about—all to no good. You took me to the country this summer, but I only got worse. No, no. If you nurse and mind me here, so I die in a comfortable home, it's all I need—all I ask—more than I deserve."

"You're welcome—welcome to all I have in the world," broke out poor Miss Chip.

"Ay—you're kind—always was, only I ain't worth it, Chip."

He coughed violently, and lay back exhausted.

We often visited Bobby Goldspray after that, taking him books, papers, flowers, jelly, little dainties. He was always grateful, quiet, hopeless.

We were there early one morning, and the physican, a venerable old man, a doctor of temperance principles, on whom Miss Chip set great faith, but who told her clearly that the patient could not live out the year, made his visit, and left the eating-house just as we did.

"What is your view of this case, doctor?" we asked.

"It's an old story, a common case enough, madam—poor constitution, in fact none to speak of. Came of parents whose vitality was all burnt out with gin, and undermined with irregular

hours, poor, irregular meals, excitement. The same story went on for this nervous, feebly-organized offspring, while what vigour and energy nature had not supplied, gin was called on to make good. Small, close living-room, foul air in sleeping-room, night after night in the hot, reeking air and gas-light of small 'places of amusement'; feast one day, famine the next; midnight meals; no flannels, and gin to supply all deficiencies. You get a bundle of nerves, keen wits, debased blood, weak stomach, weak heart, weak lungs—nothing to build on, and whatever chance one might have had by nursing, care, food, quiet, to prolong life, and make it comfortable, all destroyed by the appetite for strong drink, where there was no will power, no moral power, to resist. How much the poor creature is blameworthy is to me a question. Save he had an ordinary amount of sense, and an extraordinary amount of perversity, inherited that, he knew what he was doing. Moral responsibility is a problem, madam, a tremendous problem. But the fate of this Goldspray is no problem—he will be under the ground by New Year's."

Meanwhile, with Mr. Goldspray propped up in his chair by the fireside, and diligently waited on by old Grow, the affairs of the eating-house went on much as ever. Every month Miss Chip, settling all her bills, so that she obeyed the apostolic injunction, to "owe no man anything, but to love one another," put a pound or two, or three, in the Savings Bank. No. 6 was never empty, and no hungry fellow-mortal in distress appealed to her in vain; the penny table was crowded twice a day; customers at the other tables increased; on Sabbath afternoons there was a Bible service in the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle."

All this busy life, out of which he was drifting, interested the Golden Daisy. He would not keep his bed nor his room; wrapped in a blanket, too feeble now to help himself, he was carried to the big chair by the hearth, and propped by pillows, lay, his big, glassy eyes marking the coming and going, the familiar faces and the new faces that entered and left the Temperance Eating-house. There was a screen between Goldspray and the door, and people seemed instinctively to recognize his case, and the door was never left open, nor slammed, and no boisterous mirth or altercation broke the quiet cheer of the "Dragon and Tea-Kettle." When the brigade of bootblacks, errand-boys, flower and paper sellers, filed out with their "Mornin', Miss Chip," they now said also, half subdued, "Good-bye, Golden Daisy!"

And so, sitting there in the waning afternoon, with the firelight glittering ruddily on his wan face, and making spurious brightness in his dimming eyes, he died.

There was a gleam of his old carelessness.

"You've tried, but 'twas no good, Chip; you couldn't make anything of me—wrong from the start, somehow." And a flash of his own kindly nature. "Don't grieve, good, kind Chip; find somebody better worth your care; you've been very, very good to me, God bless you," and then the Golden Daisy's head sank a little lower on his labouring breast, and his thin fingers locked

together, and poor Miss Chip had been once more robbed by the Demon of Strong Drink, and "Behold, her house was left unto her desolate."

This was the last victim wrested from her sorrowing and lonely heart by the Moloch of the Nineteenth Century.

There was another grave in Miss Chip's one little plot of real estate when we left London.

And how did we leave her?

Valiant as ever. Still the strong hand on the helm of her affairs, still the courageous heart toiling for others, still that undaunted face set to the fore-front of the battle, strong and stern and gray, firm as a rock, with all the tender pities of a woman, and much of the simplicity of a little child, we left her. She can never be quite desolate so long as work is offered her for some of the Lord's forlorn ones.

THE END.

MY ALL.

BY EMMA A. TAYLOR.

THE way is long and dark and drear,
No one is nigh to speak or cheer,
But Jesus, be Thou very near,
O seek for me!

My feet are lame, my heart is weak,
Gone is my strength, I only creep,
Look Thou on me, my Saviour meek,
Take Thou me up.

Hold Thou me fast in Thine embrace,
Let me but look into Thy face,
My wandering footsteps backward trace
Into the fold.

Forgive the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee to the mountain lorn,
O'er rocks and stones and many a thorn
To find Thy sheep.

Now, Lord, I give myself to Thee,
Mind, soul, and body Thine to be,
Here and throughout eternity,
Thine, wholly Thine.

O praise the Father, praise the Son,
And Thee, blest Spirit, Three in One,
Come now into my heart, O come,
Thou art my all.

OTTAWA.

CHRISTIAN ART AND SYMBOLISM.*

THE unconscious testimony of early Christian art and symbolism, as to the doctrines and practices of the early Church, is of very great value. A very attractive and judicious treatment of this whole subject is that contained in the volume under review. It discusses the art, architecture and symbolism, the manuscripts, coins, gems, medals and inscriptions and the like, of the early Christian Church throughout the East and West.

Special light is thrown on these subjects by the revelation of the Catacombs. It is not true, as has sometimes been asserted, that art was entirely abjured by the primitive believers, on account of its idolatrous employment by the pagans ; it was rather baptized into the service of Christianity. The very intensity of that old Christian life, under repression and persecution, created a more imperious necessity for a religious symbolism. Of those unknown artists it may be truly said : "They never moved their hand till they had steeped their inmost soul in prayer."

A universal instinct of mankind leads us to beautify the sepulchres of our departed. It is not, therefore, remarkable that the primitive Christians adorned, with religious expression of their faith and hope, the graves of the dead, or traced upon the martyr's tomb the palm and crown, the emblems of victory, or the dove and olive branch, the perpetual symbol of peace. This symbolism is generally of a profound spiritual significance, and often of extreme poetic beauty. In perpetual canticle of love it finds resemblances of the Divine object of its devotion throughout all nature. The rudely drawn figure of an anchor, the symbol of that hope which is the anchor of the soul, is one which most frequently occurs.

Associated with this in thought is the symbol of a ship, the emblem of souls' abundant entrance into the haven of everlasting rest. It is often extremely rude, being evidently copied from the clumsy barges that navigated the neighbouring Tiber. The palm branch and the crown often occur, emblems of the Christian's victory over the world, and of his crown of everlasting life. One of the most beautiful of these symbols is the dove, generally with the olive branch in its mouth—"the herald of the peace of God"—frequently accompanied by the word "pax," or peace.

Another very common symbol is that of Christ as the Good Shepherd and believers as sheep and lambs, calling up the thought of that sweet Hebrew idyl, the twenty-third Psalm, and of our Lord's tender parable of the Lost Sheep. Small wonder that it was a favourite subject of the ancient Christian artists. Over and over again is the sweet story repeated, making the gloomy crypts bright with soft pastoral scenes, and hallowed with sacred associations. Frequently some of the sheep are represented as listening earnestly, others are intent on cropping the herbage, a truant ram turns heedlessly away, and often a gentle ewe nestles fondly at the Shepherd's feet, types of different dispositions of soul and of the manner of hearing the Word.

One of the most remarkable of these symbols was the fish. It derived its peculiar significance from the fact that the initial letters of the name and title of our Lord—Jesus Christ, Son of God the Saviour—make up the Greek word ΙΧΘΥΣ, or fish. Hence, the fish was to the Christian a secret symbol of faith in Christ, which to the pagan would be devoid of meaning.

* *History of Early Christian Art.* By the REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, D.D. London : Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. vi–360.

It was, therefore, used in time of persecution as a sign of recognition among believers, like the signs of Freemasonry. It is remarkable, and in striking contrast to modern Romanism, that the figure of the cross so seldom occurs in the Catacombs, and then only as a modification of the sacred monogram or combination of the first two letters of the name of Christ, X and P written together, sometimes with the Greek letters A and Ω, in allusion to the sublime passage in Revelation, "I am Alpha and Omega."

Another series of pictures are those known as the Biblical paintings. These are representations of the principal events of Old and New Testament history. Indeed, these storied crypts must have been a grand illustrated Bible, impressing upon the minds of the believers the lessons of Holy Writ—all the more necessary from the prevailing ignorance of letters. The following subjects are treated in this early Christian art: The temptation and fall of our first parents, and their banishment from the Garden; the death of Abel; Noah in the Ark, always receiving the dove with the olive branch—generally very rude and conventional, the Ark being reduced to a mere box, in which Noah stands; the sacrifice of Isaac, type of the greater sacrifice of Christ, a frequent and favourite subject; Joseph sold by his brethren; Moses putting off his shoes from his feet, receiving the tables of the law, and striking the rock in Horeb; the sufferings of Job, the translation of Elijah, the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace, and Daniel in the lion's den—types of the fiery persecutions of the early Christians.

Perhaps more common than any other subject is the story of Jonah—the type of our Lord's resurrection from the dead, and a lesson of sublimest meaning to the primitive believers called to be witnesses for God in a city greater and more wicked and idolatrous than even Nineveh. The "great fish" bears no resemblance to any living thing. It is generally a dragon-shaped monster with contorted body, long neck and large head, sometimes armed with horns, perhaps as a type of "the old serpent," the devil. In this example the problem is how the somewhat corpulent prophet is going to get down the narrow neck of the monster. Yet this is the general type. In one of these the sea is reduced to a narrow stream, the "ship" to a small boat, and the "fish," a monster with the head and paws of a bear, on one side is swallowing the disobedient prophet, and on the other is casting him forth on the rocky shore.

By a somewhat startling anachronism, Noah, receiving the dove from the prow of Jonah's vessel, appears in the background.

The New Testament cycle consists almost exclusively of scenes from the life of Christ, to the exclusion, however, of the sublime events of the transfiguration, the passion, resurrection and ascension, which are the principal themes of later religious art; neither is there the slightest indication of that idolatrous veneration of Mary, which is the chief feature of modern Romanism, thus showing how far that system has departed from the usage of apostolic times. The first scene is the adoration of the Magi, but Mary only appears as an accessory to the Divine Child and not as the central figure. Not till the middle of the fifth century does anything resembling the modern Madonna appear.

In the inscriptions the name of the Virgin Mary does not once occur. No "Ave Maria, Ora pro Nobis," or "Mater Dei"—"Hail Mary, Mother of God, pray for us"—is found in the Catacombs. How striking a contrast to modern Roman Catholic art and Romish churches, where her name everywhere abounds, her image is elevated as the supreme object of worship, and her aid is invoked as the mother of God, the Refuge of sinners and Gate of Heaven.

The whole subject of the worship

of Mary and its gradual development is treated with great fulness of detail in our volume on the Catacombs.*

Among the other New Testament subjects are Christ disputing with the doctors, talking with the woman of Samaria, healing the paralytic, the sick woman, and the blind man, multiplying the loaves, blessing little children and raising Lazarus to life. The latter was an especial favourite with the early Christians. It spoke to their deepest feelings and inspired their loftiest hopes. The treatment of the subject was often very rude, but it was eloquent with sublimest meaning. Lazarus is represented by a mummy-like figure standing in a niche. Mary, frequently of very diminutive size, setting all proportion at defiance, is often seen crouching in gratitude at the feet of Christ.

The triumphal entry into Jerusalem; the denial of Peter, and Pilate on the judgment seat seeking to wash out the damning guilt of that Judean murder, are the latest scenes depicted in the life of Christ. There are no representations of the agony and bloody sweat, the cross and passion, the death and burial, the resurrection and ascension, such as meet one on every side in Roman Catholic churches. These were too august and solemn themes for pictorial representation of St. Stephano Rotundo.

Protestantism has nothing to fear from the closest investigation of these evidences of primitive Christianity. They offer no warrant whatever for the characteristic doctrines and practice of the modern Church of Rome; there is not a single inscription, or painting, or sculpture, before the middle of the fourth century that lends the least countenance to her arrogant assumptions and erroneous dogmas. The wholesome breath of persecution and the "sweet uses of adversity" in the early ages tended to preserve the moral purity of the Church. But the enervating influences of imperial favour, and the influx of wealth and luxury, led to corruptions of practice and to errors of doctrine. Hence the Catacombs, the rude cradle of the early faith, became also the grave of much of its simplicity and purity.

Another striking contrast between the art of the Catacombs and that of the Church of Rome, is its sedulous avoidance of those gross and anthropomorphic representations of the Eternal Father, which are common in the latter. We have seen pictures of the Deity as the God of battles, armed with bow and spear, as crowned like a king or emperor; or finally as Pope, wearing the pontifical tiara and vestments; also as the Ancient of Days, under the form of a feeble old man, bowed down by the weight of years, leaning heavily on a staff, or reposing on a couch after the labours of creation; or more absurdly still, with a lantern in His hand creating Eve from the side of Adam. We have seen the Trinity represented by three harsh, stiff, aged figures, enveloped in one common mantle, jointly crowning the Virgin Mary in Heaven; or, still more grotesquely by a three-headed figure, or a head with three faces, like the image of Brahma in the Hindu mythology. No such offence against piety and good taste is found in the Catacombs. Where the Almighty gives the tables of stone to Moses on Sinai, or arrests the hand of Abraham about to slay his son, He is represented only by a hand stretched from heaven, generally surrounded by clouds, as if more strongly to indicate its purely symbolical character.

* *The Catacombs of Rome and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity*, by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Cr. 8vo, 560 pages, 134 engravings. Price $1.00. This book has reached its sixth English edition.

THE BARREN GROUND OF NORTHERN CANADA.

In the extreme north of Canada there is a triangle of land enclosed by the Arctic Sea, the Mackenzie River, and the Black River. The base of this triangle is formed by the coast line between the mouths of the two rivers, and its apex by the Great Slave Lake. On the shores of this lake the Hudson's Bay Company have two stations, Fort Resolution and Fort Reliance. The district of the lake has long served as a basis for Arctic exploration on the mainland, and the sterile region to the north is full of memories of Hearne, Mackenzie, Franklin, and Black. But although the courses of the two rivers and the outline of the Arctic coast have been made known by the efforts of these heroic adventurers and their successors, the interior country remains still practically unexplored.

During the two years Mr. Warburton Pike remained in northern Canada he made Fort Resolution his headquarters. From this point he undertook frequent excursions into the Barren Ground, in the course of which he endured dangers and hardships sufficient for a lifetime. From conversation with the officers of Hudson's Bay Company, he had heard of "a strange animal, a relic of an earlier age," that was still to be found roaming the Barren Ground. His informants could tell him nothing of the musk-ox, as the animal is named, from personal experience. All that was known had been gathered from the reports of Indians. Once or twice enthusiastic sportsmen had attempted to reach the musk-ox country, but they had been unsuccessful. "To try and penetrate this unknown land, to see the musk-ox, to find out as much as he could about their habits and the habits of the Indians who go in pursuit of them every year," this, Mr. Pike tells us in his preface, was the object of his journey.

His first expedition was undertaken in the autumn of the year 1889. Although it was very short, it was so far successful that Mr. Pike is able to write: "September 27th was a red-letter day, marking the death of the first musk-ox." Naturally this first specimen made a great impression on Mr. Pike's mind, and he describes the appearance the animal presented with great precision:

"In crossing an occasional piece of level ground he walked with a curious rolling motion, probably accounted for by the waving of the long hair on the flanks; this hair reaches almost to the ground and gives the legs such an exaggerated appearance of shortness that, at first sight, one would declare the animal incapable of any rapid motion. The shaggy head was carried high, and when he finally pulled up at sight of us, within forty yards, with his neck slightly arched and a gleam of sunshine lighting up the huge white boss formed by the junction of the horns, he presented a most formidable appearance."

The first success was followed up by a winter expedition of five weeks' duration. Mr. Pike then returned to Fort Resolution for Christmas; but in the following summer he made a third expedition to the Barren Ground, in which he was accompanied by Mr. Mackinlay, who was in charge of the fort, and some other white men.

Late in the autumn of 1890 Mr. Pike formed the intention of crossing the Rockies, and so making his way to the Pacific. It was in carrying out this intention that Mr. Pike met with an experience which threatened to be deeply tragic, and which forms the culminating adventure of the narrative.

It is difficult to praise too much the brevity and strength of Mr. Pike's work. There is something Homeric in the directness and simplicity of his style. At the same time, by eschewing the pernicious habit of breaking up the narrative by the insertion of dates, he has avoided

making his book a mere diary. These descriptions are admirable. To begin with, we will take that in which Mr. Pike looks forth for the first time upon his strange Canaan :

"We sat down at the top of the hill and took our last view of the Great Slave Lake. Looking southward we could see the far shore and the unknown land beyond rising in terraces to a considerable height, and very similar in appearance to the range we were on. Ahead of us, to the north, lay a broken, rocky country, sparsely timbered and dotted with lakes, the nearest of which, a couple of miles away, was the end of our portage ; a bleak and desolate country, already white with snow, and with a film of ice over the smaller ponds. Three hundred miles in the heart of this wilderness, far beyond the line where timber ceases, lies the land of the musk-ox, to which we were about to force our way, depending entirely on our guns for food and for clothing to withstand the intense cold that would soon be upon us. A pair of hawks overhead furnished the only signs of life, and the outlook was by no means cheerful."

Mr. Pike has much to say about the half-breed Indians with whom he was largely associated, and in particular of a certain King Beaulieu who acted as his chief guide. The fact that his relations with these people were, on the whole, amicable, says much for Mr. Pike's tact and courage. But the character of these strange beings is relieved at times by a quaint humour and an unexpected sentiment. When they sat smoking over the camp-fire King showed himself curious about the Grand Pays (as he called the outside world) and its ways ; but, while listening to all that was said, he held his own views all the same. In particular he refused to believe that the Queen was a greater person than the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. "No," he said ; "she may be your Queen, as she gives you everything you want, good rifles and plenty of ammunition, and you say that you eat flour at every meal in your own country. If she were my queen, surely she would send me sometimes half a sack of flour, a little tea, or perhaps a little sugar, and then I should say she was indeed my queen."

One opinion which he held was ingenious but peculiar. He maintained that the habit of eating three regular meals—eating by the clock instead of by the stomach, as he called it—was much more greedy than gorging when meat was plentiful and starving at other times, as he and his people did.

Mr. Pike, while frankly admitting that he was guilty of a "stupid act" in attempting to cross the Rockies so late in the year, claims to be acquitted of any errors of judgment in the actual conduct of the expedition which so nearly terminated in his death and that of his four companions.

On December 12th the party were on the banks of the Parsnip River, within forty miles of Fort Macleod and safety. Struggling against extreme cold, starvation and fatigue, all five men ultimately succeeded, on December 27th, in reaching an inhabited cabin *alive*. I finish the story in Mr. Pike's words :

"I pushed open the door, and shall never forget the expression of horror that came over the faces of the occupants when they recognized us. We had become used to the hungry eyes and wasted forms, as our misery had come on us gradually, but to a man who had seen us starting out thirty-two days before in full health the change in our appearance must have been terrible. There was no doubt we were very near the point of death."—*Fortnightly Review.*

After the rock-strewn steeps of earth,
The "pastures green" in heaven ;
For every joy denied us here,
Eternal pleasures given.

—*Parkinson.*

METHODIST DEACONESSES.

Deaconess work in the Methodist Church has had a rapid, a surprising, and a substantial growth. The Church has introduced the system into its economy, and has developed an effective method of organized, unsalaried work. An attempted beginning was made in New York in 1886; in June, 1887, the Chicago Deaconess Home was opened; in 1888 the work was recognized by the Conference, and in 1889 the New York Home was organized. There are now thirty homes in as many different cities, and the Church employs three hundred and fifty deaconesses. The Chicago Home was founded by Mrs. Lucy Ryder Meyers; it has sent out over seventy deaconesses to establish other work, and has received for training nearly two hundred women. In the Home deaconesses receive a year's training, and are prepared for city, home, and foreign missions. In the New York training-school the deaconesses take a year's course of mental training. The practical work consists in house-to-house visiting, in Sunday-school teaching, and in various forms of Christian activity.

On the conclusion of their training, the deaconesses continue to live in the Home, going out from it to visit the sick, minister to the poor, and pray with the dying. Twenty-five resident deaconesses are now in the New York Home. The services of the deaconess are eagerly sought by appreciative pastors in the Methodist Church; her ministrations are welcomed by the people.

The movement is destined to grow both in the direction of practical work and mental preparation. Its successes so far illustrate the divine power of organization and the persuasive social influence of refined women. It is the peculiar work of women in Christian society to seek out the indifferent and sinful, draw them to Christ, make them feel at home in the church; to minister to the poor, and develop affections and energies that have lain dormant. Those who have restored the Order of Deaconesses have rolled off the reproach that the Church had cast upon woman during the Middle Ages, opened up for her a bright and hopeful future, and secured to the Church an invaluable extension of the possibilities of pastoral service.—*The Outlook.*

WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

I would have gone; God bade me stay;
I would have worked; God bade me rest.
He broke my will from day to day,
He read my yearnings unexpressed,
And said them nay.

Now I would stay; God bids me go;
Now I would rest; God bids me work;
He breaks my heart, tossed to and fro,
My soul is wrung with doubts that lurk
And vex it so.

I go, Lord, where thou sendest me;
Day after day I plod and moil;
But Christ, my God, when will it be
That I may let alone my toil,
And rest in Thee?

JERUSALEM TO-DAY.*

THIS is a book of remarkable interest. The first edition was the first English illustrated book printed in Jerusalem. It is the result of several years' residence in that city, and tells so frankly of Turkish mismanagement and incompetency that all discoverable copies were confiscated by the Government, and the author banished from Palestine.

Mr. Lees describes the Jerusalem of to-day and reconstructs the Jerusalem of the remote past. The Holy City is a strange mingling of the modern and the ancient. The scream of the iron horse is heard at the Jaffa Gate, where still sits the tax-collector at the receipt of customs, like Matthew of old. The permanent population of Jerusalem, our author states, is 57,000, of whom 4,000 are Greeks, nearly as many Roman Catholics, 600 Armenians, 400 Protestants, 400 Syrians, Abyssinians and Coptics, 40,000 Jews and 8,000 Moslems.

Although Jerusalem has three Sabbaths—Friday for Moslems, Saturday for Jews, and the day following for Christians—yet there is no day of rest for man or beast. The city is governed, or mis-governed, by a Turkish Pasha and a sort of council of nine Moslems, one Christian and one Jew. Tradesmen generally employ their own watchmen, sturdy Soudanese, to guard their dwellings. The army varies from about eight to fifteen hundred, entirely conscripts, "the Sultan's Children," so-called. They are recruited by force, brought into the city, tied together by a rope, "and serve the Commander of the Faithful with commendable zeal, worth at any rate more than two medgidiehs (six-and-eightpence) a year unpaid."

The Moslems look upon the Christians with disdain, and the Jews with undisguised contempt. The Jews have sunk to a degrading depth of superstition. Their sacrifice on the Day of Atonement is known among the people as "The Feast of the Chickens," when they twist the necks of young fowls for the sin offering and the cleansing of the people as set forth in Leviticus xvi. On the feast of Purim, according to the Talmud, every man must drink so much wine that he cannot distinguish between a Jew and a Persian. In the synagogue, when "the Book of Esther" is read and the name of Haman occurs, the congregation stamp their feet and shout, "Let his name be blotted out." The children shake rattles, provided by their parents, and knock against the walls with wooden hammers.

In the daily life of the people superstition runs riot. The very day on which their nails should be cut is detailed in one of their rabbinical books, and Thursday and Friday are entirely forbidden, in order that the nails may not break the law by beginning to grow on the Sabbath, such are the puerilities observed by the modern Jews in the city of their ancient devotion.

Under certain circumstances a Jew may have two wives, and the present chief Rabbi of Jerusalem sets the example. At the time the marriage contract is signed it is possible to take out a paper of divorcement, and for the two together a discount is allowed. If a man is so minded, a badly-cooked dinner is a fit and proper excuse for getting rid of his wife. He gives her the paper bought from the Rabbi and tells her to go. Our author speaks, let us hope with exaggeration, of the "inevitable divorce." It surely cannot be so bad as that!

Of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to rescue which untold thousands of lives have been sacrificed,

* *Jerusalem Illustrated.* By G. ROBINSON LEES, F.R.G.S. With a preface by BISHOP BLYTH. Newcastle-on-Tyne: Mawson, Swan & Morgan. Toronto: William Briggs. 70 Illustrations. Price, $2.10.

our author says, "Nowhere on the face of the earth is Christianity now disgraced to such an extent as in this building. The greatest fraud of all time is perpetrated annually within its walls, and carried to a successful issue by the very bishops and priests themselves. Nowhere in all the world is blind superstitious folly and sectarian hatred so diligently engaged in distorting the truth of Christ's teaching. How can anyone possibly believe, however much he is inclined to, that all that is degrading, disgusting and untrue, should still be associated with the last earthly resting-place of the Saviour of mankind? Surely the blasphemous and idolatrous practices of ages are enough in themselves to show that there can be no truth in the alleged site that marks the place of the suffering of our great Redeemer. Even the Moslems, who keep the keys of the church and sit in the vestibule with cigarettes and coffee, look on with contemptuous indifference until rank disorder endangers life, and then the soldiers are called in to secure peace and quiet."

The Stone of Unction, where the body of our Lord was anointed, is covered with a marble slab to preserve it from the wear and tear of the lips of pilgrims, who used to take its measure for their own shrouds. The scene of the miracle of the Holy Fire on Easter morning, still observed by the Greek, although given up by the Latin Church, is a disgrace to Christendom. "Flame after flame comes forth from the tomb, and a forest of outstretched arms, mingled with fire and smoke, creates a spectacle that beggars all description. This, with the screams of women and children, curses of the men, and cries of the injured, are without parallel in the history of mankind. Viewed from the boxes in the galleries above, the sight is sickening in the extreme, and no one who has ever witnessed the scene once will ever want to see it again. And this is the act of a Christian Church!"

The writer of this book thinks that the hill above the grotto of Jeremiah, without the Damascus Gate, is more likely to be the scene of the Crucifixion than the place now regarded as Calvary. But it can gain no favour from either tradition or the name of the Place of a Skull. The so-called Tomb of Joseph he considers an absolute misnomer.

The many traditions of the Dome of the Rock, the so-called Mosque of Omar, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, are full of interest. A copy of the tablet from the Temple of Herod, which our Saviour must often have seen, which excludes foreigners from the precincts of the temple is given. This identical tablet we saw in Constantinople. A puerile Moslem tradition is that across the Valley of Jehosaphat will be stretched a single hair across which the faithful shall walk. Mohammed himself will cross this bridge in a sheep-skin coat, and to save his faithful followers will turn them into fleas, that they may take refuge in his coat, though some Moslem theologians say that the Prophet himself turns into a sheep.

Our author quotes from Ferguson the statement that the famous Dome of the Rock surpasses the effect of the Taj Mahal and the Royal Tombs of Agra and Delhi, and is, so far as he has been able to ascertain, unrivalled in the world.

The numerous illustrations are from recent photos and therefore of realistic fidelity. Five plates are given, showing Sir Conrad Schick's models of the Temples of Solomon, of Nehemiah, of Herod, and of the Haram es-Sherif. A table of the *twenty-five* sieges of Jerusalem, and a brief outline of its history are also given. We know no book which treats so succinctly, and yet adequately, the history, tradition and archæology of this famous city. This book has a freshness and vivacity, we may almost say, audacity, that we scarce wonder provoked the hostility of the fanatical Moslems.

"One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

The Methodist Church.

The Western Conferences were all held in the month of June, except British Columbia, which met during the last week in May. The General Superintendent was present for a few days at six of the Conferences, and then proceeded eastward to attend those of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Dr. Carman shows rare ability as chairman in expediting the business.

His addresses at the opening of the Conferences were well suited to the position of affairs and clearly proved how well he looks abroad to see what is doing in all the Churches. He is truly a master in Israel, and understands the signs of the times.

Besides presiding, Dr. Carman also preached the ordination sermon at two of the Conferences.

The following brethren were duly elected to the highest positions in their respective Conferences. Toronto: President, Dr. Galbraith, Secretary, A. Brown; London: W. W. Shepherd, S. J. Allen; Niagara: I. Tovell, J. Hazlewood; Guelph; J. McAllister, E. A. Chown; Bay of Quinte: S. J. Shorey, N. A. McDiarmid; Montreal: Dr. Ryckman, W. Philp; British Columbia: T. W. Hall, W. W. Baer; Manitoba: A. W. Ross, F. B. Stacey.

Toronto Conference met in the Metropolitan Church, and was visited by a great number of brethren from other Conferences, and ministers of the city churches.

Guelph Conference met in the town of Goderich. An unusual incident occurred at the ordination service, viz., Rev. Dr. Ure, Presbyterian minister in that town, assisted in the ceremony of laying on of hands.

Peterborough was the place of meeting for Bay of Quinte Conference, and at the temperance meeting Father Murphy, of the Roman Catholic Church, joined his Protestant brethren in proclaiming eternal war against every form of intemperance. Temperance was a prominent subject at all the Conferences. One zealous Presbyterian clergyman declared his conviction that his Church, if united with the Methodist Church, could soon drive intemperance from the land.

Montreal Conference assembled in the old Limestone City of Kingston. Two deaths were reported in the ministerial ranks, one of which was Dr. Douglas, the Chrysostom of Methodism in Canada. He was truly "the old man eloquent," a prince and a great man in our Israel.

The past year has been one of great mortality in the ranks of the ministry; we believe the number is at least twelve. At the various Conferences an unusually large number of ministers felt compelled to retire from "the active work." The number of young men who came forward as candidates was larger than the demands of the work required, hence some were placed on the list of reserve. There are those who think that fewer young men should be taken out as candidates.

Niagara Conference met at Woodstock, London at Ridgetown, and British Columbia at the city of Vancouver.

A few probationers were discontinued from various causes. In two Conferences two members were deposed from the ministry on account

of having embraced and propagated doctrines which are not in harmony with the creed of Methodism.

Drs. Dewart, Potts, Griffin and Sutherland attended most of the Conferences, and represented the various departments of church work of which they have charge, and made eloquent addresses. Dr. Withrow also addressed the Toronto Conference in the interests of the MAGAZINE and Sunday-school publications, and then went eastward to attend the Maritime Conferences and Newfoundland.

The educational work was declared to be in a satisfactory condition. Dr. Potts laid before the Conferences a historical review of Victoria University, and the following abstract of the financial standing of the Educational Society: Assets—Property, $336,891; debentures and stocks, $182,520; investments, $110,297; accounts due, etc., $6,833; total, $636,543. Liabilities—Capital account, $335,300; chairs, $264,473; accounts due public, $10,345; Contingent Fund, $24,880; prizes, etc., $1,544. The current revenue for the year was $32,529, and the total subscription to the College Federation Fund to date amounted to $512,360, and the total cash paid to date, $404,110. The staff in Victoria College comprises ten professors and four university professors, lecturers, etc., to the number of twenty-three. Total staff available to the students, thirty-seven. The Victoria College library contains seven thousand volumes; the University of Toronto, forty thousand volumes. The number of students in attendance on lectures in Arts was 165, and in Theology, seventy-four. The Doctor satisfactorily answered the numerous questions presented to him. Recently the college chapel-walls were embellished with the portraits of the late Dr. Ryerson—first president of Victoria University—the late Chancellor Nelles. Dr. Hodgins, Justice Rose and Dr. Biggar, former pupils, addressed the assembly respecting the honoured dead.

A resolution was adopted at most of the Conferences recommending that the *Christian Guardian* should be published at a cheaper rate. The Book Steward gratified the Conferences by announcing that $7,000 of the profits of the Book-Room for the past year had been given to the Superannuation Fund with the probability that in future years this amount would be still further increased. The Missionary Secretary was glad that the funds had kept up so well, seeing there has been such great depression in all kinds of business. He wisely appealed for more domestic missions to become self-sustaining circuits. The demands of foreign missions are increasingly imperative, but home must not be allowed to suffer. Some of the distant missions, which are situated in poor localities, will need the fostering care of the Society for years to come, but in the near future even some of these might withdraw their claims on the Missionary Fund.

The Superannuation Fund was the subject of considerable discussion. Dr. Griffin, the treasurer, made an earnest appeal on its behalf, in which he stated at the Guelph Conference that all claims during the past year had been paid in full, and the handsome balance of $1,719 was left in the hands of the treasurer. The capital account had been increased by $2,713. The receipts were in excess of the previous year. From circuits the increase was $2,092; from ministerial subscriptions, $480; from interest, $617, making a total increase for the year of $3,689. From the increase the balance due the permanent fund, as per last annual statement, amounting to $1,851, and $500 on commutation, has also been paid. The ministerial subscriptions were $14,238. The district collections, $54,859; Book-Room appropriations, $7,000; missionary appropriations, $4,200; interest, $102.64; donations, etc., $882; total $89,071; $54,401 was the allowance given to 191 ministers; $25,003 was the allowance granted to 149 widows, and $1,631 was given to eighty-four children. The speaker said the average salary of to-day was not larger than it

was forty years ago. It is now $600, and thirty years ago he took an average circuit at $700. This Guelph Conference paid $7,000 for Superannuation Fund, and were deficient in salaries over $5,000, so that it paid little more into the Superannuation Fund than what it had pledged itself to pay; and since the union there had been a deficiency of over $1,000,000. Now, if the circuits will pay this deficiency, the Church can afford to abolish the Superannuation Fund.

In all the Conferences there was a gratifying increase in the membership of the Church. In six of the Conferences of which we have heard, the aggregate increase exceeds seven thousand. The Sunday-school report of Toronto Conference contained many items of encouragement. The number of schools is the same as last year, but there are thirty-four more teachers and 1,214 more scholars; 7,845 are reported meeting in class, which is 652 more than was reported last year. We are pleased to find that there is an increase of 125 in the number of those learning the catechism. In the number of volumes reported in the libraries, and the number of our own periodicals taken by the schools, there is a very gratifying increase.

As the General Conference will soon be held, all the Conferences were disposed to recommend various changes in the polity of the Church. Mr. Wesley's admonition seems to be almost everywhere forgotten, "Mend not our rules but keep them." Should all the recommendations made by the Annual Conferences be considered by the General Conference, the delegates may be sure that they will have a session of several weeks. Some want the ministerial term extended to five years. A few request more superintendence of the missions. Others recommend an amalgamation of some of the Annual Conferences. A goodly number think that the Conferences are large enough already. There seems to be a consensus of opinion for an alteration in the constitution of the Stationing Committee. All will be agreed that the greatest desideratum seems to be an increase of spiritual power, which can only be obtained by an entire personal consecration to God. The reports given respecting the Epworth League movement were very gratifying, and not a few are of the opinion that one minister should be set apart to give his whole time to look after this important department of church work.

It is to be regretted that in all the Conferences there should be such large deficiencies reported in respect to ministers' salaries. In one conference the total amount of deficiency exceeded $6,000, and the average salary in the said Conference for married ministers did not exceed $660.

It is exceedingly gratifying to find that in Manitoba and British Columbia, buildings are in course of erection for collegiate purposes. In the latter the present writer was exceedingly gratified to find that one of his former neighbours, who was one of the pioneers in British Columbia, has donated a valuable property to the college. Our wealthy friends should not forget the institutions of the Church under whose fostering care they have been brought to God and kept with their faces Zionward.

Victoria University has had a prosperous year. The Convocation services were exceedingly interesting. The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Professor Reynar, in the Central Church, and was highly commended. As the chancellor is absent in England, the vice-chancellor, William Kerr, M.A., Q.C., presided at the Convocation. In addition to the members of the Board and Senate who occupied seats on the platform of the college chapel there were President Loudon of the Provincial University, Vice-chancellor Mulock, Professor Goldwin Smith and Professor Satoh from Japan, took part in the proceedings. A large number of students received diplomas, and the following received the honorary degree of D.D. Rev. Robert Boyle, James Henderson, A. C. Macdonald, J. S. Ross,

M.A., W. P. Dyer, B.Sc., W. I. Shaw, M.A., LL.D.

The Wesleyan College, at Montreal, feels keenly the loss of its valued Principal, Dr. Douglas. His successor, Dr. Shaw, as Principal, and the addition of Dr. Antliff to the faculty is a guarantee that efficiency will still characterize that seat of learning.

All rejoice to hear of the onward career of Albert College, Belleville. The professoriate of this institution have contended most successfully against the most formidable difficulties, and are to be congratulated on their success.

Mount Allison Educational Institutions give a good account of the year's proceedings. Last year the jubilee of the first building was celebrated, when a munificent sum was contributed by its friends for advancement. Not content with what was then accomplished, greater things are now contemplated. "Give us room," is a cry that is heard in all the departments of the University. The corner-stone of a substantial addition was recently laid, and great hopes are entertained that the future history of Mount Allison will be even more brilliant than the past.

The ladies' colleges at Stanstead, Whitby, Hamilton, and St. Thomas, have been favoured with a year of abundant prosperity. Those which have been oppressed with the incubus of debt are feeling their burdens less intolerable. The closing exercises were as usual exceedingly pleasant. The Governor of Ontario, Hon. Geo. Kirkpatrick, and Lady Kirkpatrick were present at Whitby, and by their presence and urbanity greatly endeared themselves to the hundreds who were there.

Our beloved evangelists, Revs. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, have been visiting some of their former fields of successful toil, among others, Belleville, where their children in the Gospel received them right royally. Their late visit was eminently successful. Hundreds declared their intention to become earnest Christians. At one meeting an unusual incident occurred. Lord Aberdeen, Governor-General, was visiting the city, and accompanied by some friends attended one service, and received the Chautauqua salute. His Lordship took a seat on the platform, and was evidently greatly interested in the proceedings. He addressed a few words to the assembly which indicated how much he approved of the methods adopted to increase the religious fervour of the people.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The oldest Welsh minister of the Gospel now living is the celebrated "Hughes, Machzulleth." Mr. Hughes is in his ninety-second year and has been in the ministry seventy-three years.

The parent missionary society of Methodism has been compelled to report a decrease of income. The severe depression of all branches of trade in England is doubtless the cause of this sad state of things. A similar calamity has befallen all the great missionary societies of Great Britain, not excepting the Church of England, many of whose generous supporters are to be found in the ranks of the wealthy classes, surely in this time of extreme need they will arise and do their duty.

Methodist Episcopal.

Bishop Thoburn has purchased an abandoned tea plantation in the Himalaya region, covering 1,000 acres, for $4,000, and plans to make of it "a vast industrial establishment," where men and women, boys and girls, shall be taught useful occupations.

Miss Hu King Eng, the daughter of one of our native Chinese missionaries, graduated from the Woman's Medical College, in Philadelphia, last May. She has been trained in literature and medicine, and hopes to return to her own land and perform the duties of a medical missionary among her people.

Miss Imhoff, of Japan, was injured in her right eye by a stone which was thrown at her as she was returning from an evening

meeting which she had been conducting. Her gentle spirit of complete forgiveness of the perpetrator, like her loving Saviour, has called out the affection of both Christian and non-Christian Japanese in Yonezawa.

Three large surprises lately occurred in the Foundry Church, Washington. Mr. W. J. Shibley gave $10,000 to the Woman's Missionary Society, to build a hospital in connection with the Lucy Webb Hazes Home. A brother of Mr. Shibley also paid off a mortgage of $10,000 on the church, which had been a source of trouble for twenty years. The last surprise was that the people should then and there raise $900 to pay off some floating indebtedness, which was quickly done, and thus the grand historic church is clear of debt.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The great advance of this body in London is shown by the cost of churches erected in the metropolitan area, principally on the Middlesex side, the cost of which is given at $524,917, the present debt of which is $194,700. The amount of debt paid last year was $10,517.

Mr. W. P. Hartly, J.P., whose generous gifts have lately been very numerous, has just given $5,000 to reduce the debt of the church in which he worships at Aintree. He has also given $5,000 to his workpeople's benevolent fund. What a noble example Mr. Hartly has thus set to other men of wealth.

Book Notices.

The Epistles of Paul the Apostle: a sketch of their origin and contents. By GEORGE G. FINDLAY, B.A., tutor in Biblical Literature and Exegesis, Headingly College. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

St. Paul was the great organizer and theologian of the early Church. His writings will ever be the subject of the profoundest study by all who would know the mind of the Spirit in Christian doctrine and practice. This volume claims "to weave the Epistles together into an historical unity, to trace out the life that pervades them, alike in its internal elements and external movements and surroundings." It is a comprehensive task and is marvellously well executed in the limits of space which the author has assigned himself.

We hear much nowadays of inductive Bible study. This book is constructed on the true inductive principle. The author seeks to understand the environment and circumstances under which the Pauline epistles originated, and the condition of the new Christian communities to which they were addressed. These letters are regarded as an organic whole, having an internal unity and one common pervasive spirit. The style of the Apostle the author asserts to be at once attractive and difficult. He says:

"There is nothing hazy, nothing loose or nebulous, in St. Paul's theology. His leading terms, the great watchword of his doctrine, are framed to last forever. They are as crystalline in definition as they are massive and deep in significance. His governing ideas are developed and applied with matchless logic,—a logic, indeed, more Rabbinical than philosophical in form, but that goes straight as an arrow to its mark, and that welds into its argument as it moves onward things highest and lowliest, and seizes at each point the readiest expedient to clear its course and to build up the highway for the ransomed of the Lord.

"Bold as are St. Paul's methods of reasoning, they are no less sure. His subtlety is the subtlety of truth

itself. His obscurities are those of depth, not of dimness or confusion; the obscurities of a mind profoundly sensible of the complexities of life and thought and sensitive to their varying hues, their crossing lights and shadows,—of a man who, with all he knows, is conscious that he only 'knows in part.' If we must speak of defects, they are the defects of a teacher who is too full of the grandeur of the truth he utters, and too much absorbed in the divine work of his calling, to make words and style his care. 'If I am rude in speech,' he gently says, 'yet not in knowledge,' (2 Cor. xi. 6). In this, as in his other infirmities, well might the Apostle glory."

The several Epistles are taken up seriatim; their date, occasion, connections, character and affinity are given and an analysis of their contents. The book will be an important aid to the better comprehension of these important Christian documents. A separate treatise is given to the Epistle to the Hebrews which, however, the writer does not think to be of Pauline origin. The author seems to incline to the theory that the author was possibly Silas or Barnabas, excluding the theory that it was probably written by Luke. Our ignorance of the person of the writer in no way diminishes the value of this book, but rather, as Bishop Westcott says, "enlarges our sense of the spiritual wealth of the apostolic age."

Witnesses for Christ and Memorials of Church Life from the Fourth to the Thirteenth Century. By Edward Backhouse and Charles Tylor. Second edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. ix–440.

We reviewed not long since, in these pages, Mr. Tylor's interesting and instructive volume on "The Camisards." In the book under notice we have another volume of admirable historical studies, chiefly from his pen, his co-labourer in the preparation of the material having passed away before it was complete. This is not a consecutive history, for the field is too great, and the number of actors too many, to receive minute and consecutive treatment. It consists of a series of brilliant studies of the great leaders of the Christian Church and of the great religious movements for nine hundred years from the death of Constantine.

Among the grand historical characters who pass before us in these pages are the indomitable Athanasius; the great Apostle of the North, Ulfilas; Martin of Tours, the dauntless Ambrose, the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, the great Roman fathers Jerome and Augustine; the ambitious Gregory the Great; the Venerable Bede, the Apostle of Northumbria; St. Boniface, and the British missionaries to the German nations, and many others. An admirable chapter discusses the development of Roman Catholic doctrine and worship under the early Christian emperors, the growth of monachism, the Nestorian strife, Christian art and Mary-worship, and the like. The monastic life of the middle ages, as illustrated at Clugny, Cîteaux and Clairvaux, and especially illustrated in the persons of Benedict and Bernard, form a series of interesting chapters. The story of the Reformers before the Reformation, of the early Waldensian Church, and the Crusade against the Albigenses, complete a volume of special value to students of Church history. A score of etchings and woodcuts enhance the value of the volume.

A Veteran of 1812. The Life of James FitzGibbon. By Mary Agnes FitzGibbon. Toronto: William Briggs. Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1.00.

The return of another anniversary of the natal day of our Dominion should be a matter of grateful recognition of every true patriot, who may well exclaim, in the words of Israel's King: "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage." If any people on the face of the earth may use these patriotic words of Holy Scripture, surely Canadians may do so.

We fear that there are only here and there those who calmly review the history of the past and consider what the goodly heritage which we possess has cost those who laboured to make this land what it now is. Our fathers laboured and toiled, and many of them even laid down their lives for their country. The present generation can never rightly estimate how much they are indebted to those who went before them and prepared this goodly heritage for us.

We welcome every issue from the press which relates the history of the former times and records the names of those to whom we are so much indebted. James FitzGibbon was a native of "the Emerald Isle," and in early life gave evidence of the patriotic heart which he possessed. He entered the service of his country, and in the course of time came to Canada, and went through the dangers and exciting scenes of 1812. Again in the troubles of 1837 he was ready to suffer, and if need be even die for his country.

The scenes through which he was called to pass made an indelible impression upon his mind, and often when surrounded by the junior members of his family or old friends, he fought his battles over again. No marvel that he was entreated to publish a record of his campaigns; but this he could not be persuaded to do, though he wrote down his own account of what he had seen. The volume mentioned in this notice has been compiled from the documents which he thus prepared. The compiler has done her work well, and is entitled to the thanks of her readers. We have read the volume with great interest and would rejoice to hear that it has been purchased by thousands of our countrymen. It is gotten up in the best style of workmanship, and is a credit to the Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.—E. B.

The Interwoven Gospels and Gospel Harmony. By the Rev. William Pittenger. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1893. Price, $1.20.

The attention of the world is focussed as never before on the life of Christ. It is found that incomparably the best way to study that life, is to compare the narratives of the Evangelists. In the old-fashioned harmonies in which the narratives are printed side by side, there is often perplexity in referring from one to another. In this volume the narratives are so interwoven as to form a continuous record without repetition. A number of excellent maps are given, which enable one to trace the journeyings of our Lord. The advantage of such a harmony is shown by the fact that this volume, though issued only a few years, has already reached its seventh thousand.

Talks About, I. The Soil (141 pp.). *II. The Weather* (136 pp.). *III. Our Useful Plants* (149 pp.). Three books by Charles Barnard. 12mo, cloth; per vol. 75 cents, or the set of three, in a box, $2.25. Funk & Wagnalls Company: New York, London, and Toronto.

These books are of great interest. The fact that they are written in popular style renders them especially valuable. The "Talks About the Soil" are in its relation to plants and business. The "Talks About the Weather" are with relation to plants and animals. The "Talks About Our Useful Plants" are just what all who are interested in the culture of plants, for pleasure or profit, will be glad to hear. Each of the volumes is a book of observations and experiments for practical use of students, schools, farmers, gardeners and others. The titles of chapters, Vol. I., include such topics as "The Bones of the World;" "Experiments with Soils;" "Soil Analysis;" "Experiments in Tillage;" "Making New Soils," and nearly fifty others. In Vol. II.: "The Control of Temperature and Rainfall;" "The Cold Frame;" "The Hot-bed;" and kindred subjects. In Vol. III.: "Plant Lives;" "Grafting and Budding;" "Plant Habits;" "Potting Plants;" "Transplanting," and nearly thirty other equally valuable "talks." The books are printed in large, clear type, and bound in a pretty blue cloth.

DAMASCUS—FROM THE HILL OF KASIUM.